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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

# The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 116.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 21, 1906 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo* *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

**Lady Willoughby de Broke**

A keen sportswoman and follower of her husband's pack, the Warwickshire, an illustrated account of which Hunt appears on pp. 376-378

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
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# Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
February 21, 1906

Mr. Balfour will not be so suitable a representative for the City as is his fellow Member, who, as a Clarke, will represent the occupation of most of those engaged in the City during the day.

* * *

The *Book News* of Philadelphia suggests that authors who wish to write well should go to the country every year. By the large number of English literary men now in Parliament, however, the suggestion is received with disfavour.

* * *

Dr. Reich, who has been lecturing to duchesses on Plato, seems to be of opinion that the ideal condition of the human race is for emotion to have precedence over intellect. This explains why women are so much superior to men. They recognised the wisdom of this precedence almost as soon as Plato.

* * *

A correspondent writes:—"With regard to the discussion now raging, 'Do Animals Feel Pain?' will you answer the following question: My dog has a hollow tooth, and suffers from raging toothache, but if he does not feel the pain, can it be called toothache? It would comfort me very much to know that his toothache is painless."

* * *

A large number of golden weddings are, it appears, to be celebrated this year in Society. The golden wedding is a pleasant change from the wedding for gold.

* * *

The excuses made by Lord Coleridge for the boatman who kissed the lady in the boat make one wonder why special professions should have special privileges. I know that gallant sailors may have wives in every port, and kiss any pretty girls, but a boatman—a holiday-resort, visitor-hunting boatman—surely should not claim the same privileges as a true-born British tar. Lawyers, I know, are privileged to prevaricate, artists are not expected to wash, actors may be immoral, the unemployed may walk in processions and block the traffic, poets may be mad, but who ever hears of extenuating circumstances if a grocer kisses a fair customer or if a tailor runs away with his neighbour's wife.

* * *

Mr. John Burns, I see, has been urging matrimony upon one, at least, of his clerks in the Local Government Board offices. He asked him his salary, and, "seeing that it was large enough to maintain a wife and family," strongly advised him "to get married, and that quickly." This sounds all very well, but I should like to know (1) The amount of the salary? (2) What it is to do with Mr. John Burns whether his clerks are married or not? and (3) why married men are always so anxious to persuade single men to get married? Is it because they are so happy they cannot bear to see miserable, lonely bachelors hanging round unkempt, uncared for, and unworried? I wonder?

* * *

At this time of year, one cannot but sympathise with anyone whose duty keeps him at certain of our Law Courts. The draughts there are reported to be so severe that one learned judge was recently obliged to don his overcoat over his robes. At another Court, in an action against a well-known actress, complaints of an overdraft were also being heard. It is certain that even the most ardent junior will weary of pottering about at trials under such conditions.

* * *

**Signs of Spring in the parks**

ELDERLY BOTANIST: "Can you tell me if this plant belongs to the *Nicotiana Sanderæ* family?"

L.C.C. GARDENER: "No, sir, it ain't owned by no furriner; it belongs to the L.C.C."

**Feb. 19: King's Opening of Parliament**

(*A contemporary says that the Tea-Duty-League Poster headline, "It don't seem right to me," has become a catch-phrase.*)

What is that strange majestic phrase
That fills my soul with thoughts of tea
Whene'er to walls my eyes I raise
'Tis this, *It don't seem right to me?*

I hear it yet . . . For as I near
The House and many Tories see
Without, who once were in, I hear
Again, *It don't seem right to me?*

# The Honeymoon

## AN IMPRESSION OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The hearts of most of those people who are anybody, and of all of those who aren't, just throbbed, palpitated, and fluttered. Why? "Waal, I guess the whole total universe ain't quite big enough to do addy-quate justice to this epoch-making event," said Silas P. Q. Blip. "Tew-day—mind you not no other day—'Allus,' and she's a darned sight more right to be Princess 'Allus' than a lot of effete royalties—tew-day, 'Allus,' only darter of Teddy Roosevelt, is being hitched on to that lucky coon 'Nick,' and she and her boy are just now starting off on their blissful honeymoon."

"And who are all these people," said the uninterested stranger.

"Waal, I guess they're representatives of that mighty organ the Press, and they're going to see that Nick makes that there honeymoon blissful enough, or the great American people will want to know why."

"You don't mean to say they are going to take reporters on their honeymoon," said the stranger.

"They don't take them, but they'll be right there."

* * *

A special train steamed out of Central station, and Teddy Roosevelt waved a last adieu. A *possé* of troops tried vainly to keep back the seething mob. Fourteen reporters crowded the guard's van, and 300 boarded the *Herald* special which sailed out of the station in pursuit. Inside the State saloon sat a honeymoon couple, their rags covered with motor-coats. Their clothes had been torn to shreds by enthusiastic well-wishers. Teddy strolled back to the White House. "They looked very like the real thing," he said thoughtfully to himself, "but there was a remarkable difference when I kissed her."

* * *

About the same hour a frowsy cab drove up to Yonkers station, and a man and woman alighted. "Two third returns to Johnsonville," said the man to the booking clerk. "Come on, Melindy," and he beckoned to the woman. "We got to rastle round to get back by six."

Inside the carriage they spoke little. The man fidgeted with a goatee beard; tears were in the girl's eyes. She looked like a down-town factory hand, and he like a car-conductor off duty.

They alighted at a wayside station, and a ramshackle trap took them to a picturesque little inn.

* * *

After dinner—cleaned, shaved, and re-garbed—they sat in the verandah and smiled.

"Independent labour"

"You did look awful this afternoon," said the girl. "You were worse than the dreadful waiter at dinner."

A broken-down specimen of nigger humanity tottered out with coffee and cigars.

"Don't get much comp'ny right along hyar, sar," he said, "but we allus has a cegar for de gentry"; and he tottered off.

"Poor old man!" said Allus.

"Poor devil!" said Nick.

"It is a delightfully quiet place," said Allus.

"Yes, I think we've slipped them all pretty fairly," said Nick, puffing away complacently.

"Nick."

"Allus."

"That poor old man! I'm so happy, and he looks so sad. Do give him something to make him happy, too"

"Extravagant puss," said Nick, as he pulled out a hundred-dollar bill, and rang a cracked bell.

The old man reappeared.

"Here you are," said Nick. "We shan't want anything more to-night. Go and do yourself well for once."

A faint smile spread over the old man's face, and the truth began to dawn on the donor.

"Here! What! Who the——"

The nigger straightened himself up, and rubbed some of the black off his face with his napkin.

"Who are you," said Nick steadily.

"John P. Dexter, of the *New York American*. I've sent them two columns already, and a snappy little article to *Town Topics*. I guess this'll just see through a few pithy details to the *World*."

The young couple sat back in horror.

"How did you find out," they gasped.

John P. grinned. "I know a man whose cousin is a friend of the man who married the sister of your valet, and he's just married Miss Allus —— Mrs. Longworth's maid. She wouldn't tell anything unless he married her; now, I guess, he'll have to divorce her. I reckon he's no further use for her."

"While you're cabling," said Nick, scribbling on a sheet of paper, "just send this to Mrs. Longworth's maid. 'Discharged. Don't come. Wages follow.'"

"Perhaps he won't divorce her, anyway," said Mr. Dexter.

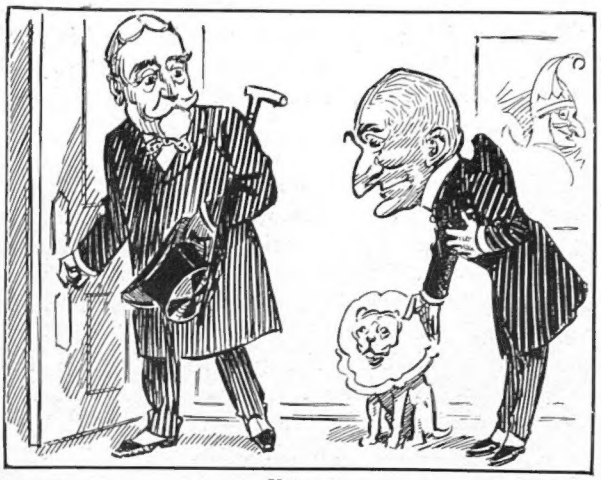
"It's a wonderful country," said Nick, thoughtfully.

"Isn't it awful," said Allus, sadly.

Nick smiled. "And you're the most wonderful thing in it."

"After all," said Allus, disengaging herself, "he's only one. He might have been hundreds."

# The Topictator



**Vale!**

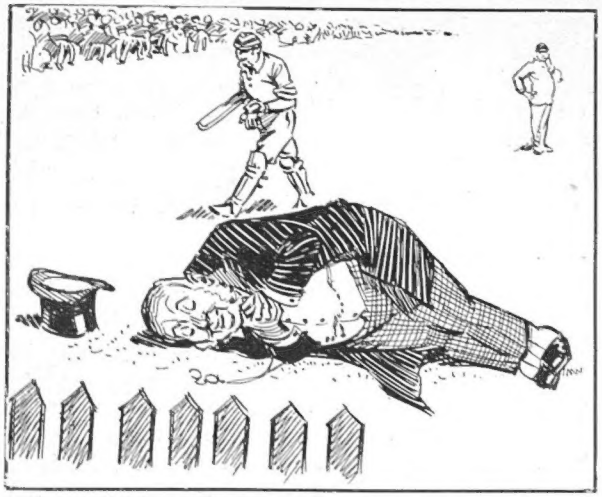
"A merrier man, within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."—*Love's Labour Lost*

**A Bad Case**

DR. G. ROWLAND HILL: "I've tried him with 'Varsity mixture, North Country mixture, Midland mixture, and now this Devon mixture, but he's just as bad as ever"

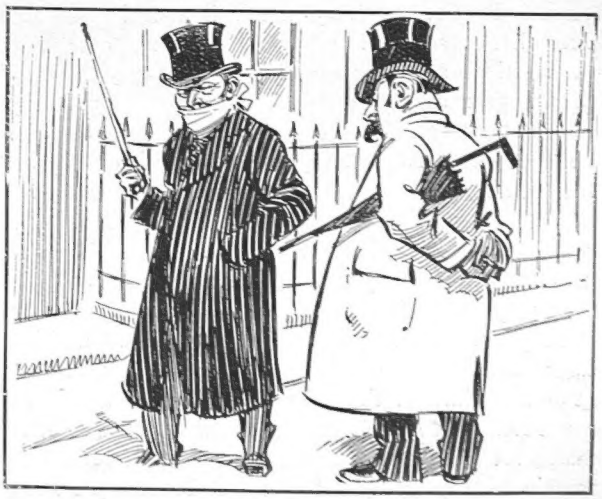
**Pret'y Fanny**

"Oh, Mr. Joseph, don't ask me what I mean. Let me be mysterious—it's so much more romantic"



**Cricket Enthusiasm in the West Indies**

A middle-aged Barbadian was so excited over the success of one of his fellow-islanders in a match in the West Indies that he flung himself upon the turf, crying "Let me die! Somebody kill me." Will the epidemic spread to Lords! By'r lakin! a parlous year!



**Les Baiseurs**

1ST CIT. (*sympathetically*): "Hullo, got a cold?"
2ND CIT. (*painfully*): "Certainy mong nong! Oh! beg pardon—no—sore mouth—Paris"

# Successes at Cruft's Dog Show

### Stage Romances

The world had barely ceased talking of the marriage between Lord de Clifford and Miss Eva Carrington, of the Vaudeville Theatre, when news came that Lord Ashburton was to marry Miss Frances Donnelly, better known as Miss Frances Belmont, at one time one of the *Floradora* beauties. It is a pleasant convention of the Press, when a peer marries an actress, to refer to their alliance as a romance. In a sense, every marriage is a romance, but members of the peerage and of the profession have a lien on the word. One might have thought that Lord de Clifford and his bride, being first in the field, would have rendered the word "romance" useless from a newspaper headline point of view for at least a season. But no. The faithful Press, with strict impartiality, describe the second union, following so hard upon the first, as "Another romantic marriage," and so it will be to the end of time. Kings may marry beggar-maids, and queens may marry beggar-men, but no alliance shall depose the union of peerage and stage from its romantic stronghold. Seriously, though, I tender to the two young couples my very heartiest wishes. May all happiness be theirs.

*Photo* *Bassano*

**Lord de Clifford**

Who, on Friday last, was married to Miss Eva Carrington, one of the "Gibson Girls" in *The Catch of the Season*

### Cruft's Record Show

For twenty-one years Cruft's Dog Show (illustrations of some of the prize-winners will be found on page 397) has been one of the most attractive fixtures upon the dog owners' calendar, but although Mr. Cruft has scored many great successes, I question very much indeed if he has ever been so well rewarded for his enterprise in starting a high-class Show in the dull part of the year as was the case last week. Not only in numbers—close upon 1,900 dogs being actually benched—but as regards the all-round quality of the exhibits, the Show was an improvement over any of its predecessors, and a distinctive feature, which must have been noticed by men who are interested in field sports, was the increased entry in the groups apportioned to sporting dogs.

Greyhounds were weak, I will admit, but nothing else could be expected at a Show which is always held at a time of the year when owners are more concerned in the field successes of their favourites than in their appearance at Shows, and at least one prominent showman, Mr. George Raper, preferred to take his chance of winning a stake to that of gaining a Kennel Club championship, for on the day on which the Cruft's opened he ran his well-known greyhound, Ruby Gamester, at Burscough (Lancs.), and won a nice stake.

### Sporting Dogs

With partridge and pheasant shooting at an end for the season, there was no reason why owners of pointers, setters, and retrievers should withhold support, and all those sections were very representative. Mr. Reginald Cooke's flat-coated retriever, High Legh Blarney, was awarded a special prize, in addition to his class honours, as being the best sporting dog in the Show. Several noted spaniels were also benched, including Mr. Charles Eversfield's Velox Powder, an English springer of the highest class, and one of the best workers in the country, as proved by his performances at the field trials this season.

### The Fox Terriers

There is no more popular dog than the fox terrier, and the species was well represented at Cruft's Show; but although the winner of the dog championship in the smooth section, Mrs. Bennett Edwards's Doncaster Dodger, well deserved his position, the judge was not quite followed by the ring-side critics when he gave the highest honour in bitches to Mr. F. Redmond's Dubious. One of our best-known breeders was not far off the mark when he said that she was well named, for her quality *is* "dubious," and a more popular winner would have been Mr. J. C. Tinnés' The Sylph, although that incomparable terrier was not looking her best. The pick of the rough-coated fox terriers were Mr. T. J. Stephens's Sylvan Result and Mr. H. Ashton's Flash Dorothea, but Miss Hatfield's team was sorely missed, and during the Show I saw a cablegram from New York stating that, at the big exhibition there in Madison Gardens, Dusky Siren, the terrier which the Morden breeder lately sold for export at the good price of £210, had been quite outclassed in her section.

### The Bulldogs

A word must be said about the bulldogs, for they formed an extraordinary collection, and in the heavy-weight classes there was no denying the claims of Mrs. Edgar Waterlow's Nuthurst Doctor and Mrs. W. W. Crocker's Budding to championship honours. In each case it was well deserved; both are typical bulldogs in every respect, but the Doctor must have been very hardly pressed by the deep-cushioned and beautiful-bodied Carthusian Warrior, the property of Mr. J. C. McCowan.

# Irish Peers and the Stage

*Photo* *Bassano*

**Miss Eva Carrington, of the Vaudeville Theatre**

Who, on Friday last, became Lady de Clifford. Miss Carrington was one of the "Gibson Girls," has been a member of Mr. Seymour Hicks's companies for many years, and is now nineteen. Lord de Clifford is the fourth Irish peer in recent years to take a bride from the stage, he having followed the example of his neighbour in Connaught, the Earl of Clancarty, who married Miss Belle Bilton when he was Lord Dunlo; of the Marquis of Headfort, who married Miss Rosie Boote; and of the Earl of Clonmell, who married Miss Rachel Berridge

# Round the Town

I hear that a petition is being presented to Mr. Balfour asking him, in the event of his modifying his opinions again, to give the Press three months' notice. Mr. Balfour has long been the despair of leader-writers. It puts these hard-working gentry in a most humiliating position when, after explaining for weeks exactly what Mr. Balfour is thinking, he executes a *volte face* and repudiates them.

* *

It is said that Mr. Balfour's recent *pronunciamento* arose out of his chancing to take up a volume of one of his own works. Anxious the other day to discover what his political attitude really was, he sat down to read some of his old speeches and discover. Failing to find elucidation there, he had the great idea of turning to his own famous work, "The Foundations of Belief in Mr. Chamberlain," and at once found comfort. The following interesting correspondence then passed :—

DEAR JOSEPH,—

If I agree with you need I believe in you?—ARTHUR.

DEAR ARTHUR,—

Must agree with me, never mind about believing. Make quite clear to country that you cave in.—JOSEPH.

DEAR JOSEPH,—

Devonshire will be very cross if I cave in openly. Will express myself philosophically. Then no one will quite understand except you.—ARTHUR.

DEAR ARTHUR—

Never mind Devonshire. Must insist on you "whole-hogging" for all you are worth.—JOSEPH.

DEAR JOSEPH,—

I've a good mind to do it. When I say I've a good mind, do I mean I have a good mind, or that you have a good mind? Correctly, I suppose you have not a good mind, but yet a mind to make me do it. Therefore, is my mind, which in this case would appear to be merely derivative, "good"? A most interesting subject which has engrossed me all the morning.—ARTHUR.

DEAR ARTHUR,—

Do it and never mind your mind; 'twere best done quickly. Man wants but little here below, but seems to want that little "Long" (Walter).—JOSEPH.

DEAR JOSEPH,—

I've done it, but don't like the look of it in print. How soon may I explain it away?—ARTHUR.

* *

**Queen Maud of Norway**

Who, it is stated, finds the Norwegian courtiers rather rough diamonds. (*See page* 367)

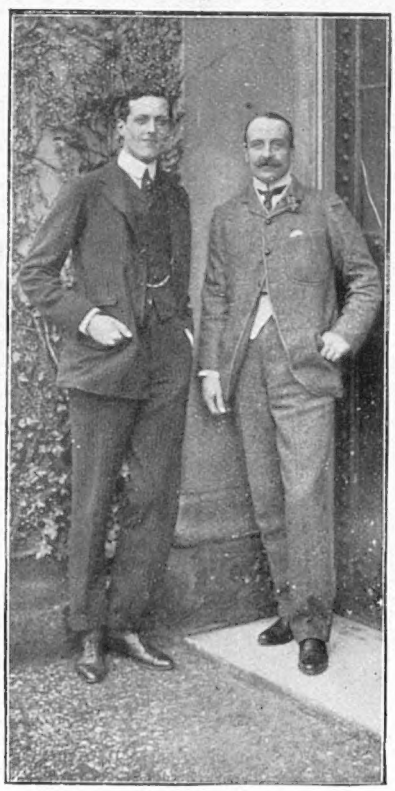


*Photo* *Leonard & Doughby*

**The Marquis of Anglesey and the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot at Ingestre**

Rumour has arranged a marriage between Lord Anglesey and Princess Patricia of Connaught

### Flimsy Divorce Court Evidence

One feels that some slight apology is due to one's readers for referring to divorce cases since the weary list of unfaithful husbands or wives tell their stories week after week with wearying reiteration At the same time, I cannot help making some allusion to a divorce case tried quite recently—the Stourton Divorce Case—which consisted of an action on the part of a wealthy wife wishing to dissolve the marriage she had made with a gentleman of good lineage who was not possessed of funds. The evidence was about as flimsy as evidence could well be. In fact, even such frivolous instances were trotted out as that the husband had ridden up the carriage drive in front of his wife, and that on one occasion, at least, he had called his wife "an old hag." Since the lady was only nineteen years of age, it is quite evident that such words could only have been used in fun. But this case dragged its weary course through inuendo and suggestion, without a tittle of that genuine evidence that would impress on decent-minded folk that the respondent was guilty of the charges. Evidently, however, through the able assistance of counsel, and, as I repeat again, through the effective use of insinuations, exaggerating the slightest incident until it

# "His House in Order"

*AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE*

*Photo]* **The revolt of Nina against her husband and the Ridgeley family** *[Ellis and Walery*

NINA (*Miss Irene Vanbrugh*): Don't you imagine, any of you, that Filmer can talk me over, lecture me like a naughty child till I'm all tears and obedience. That sort of thing is at an end, believe me

HILARY (*Mr. George Alexander*): Nina, Nina, Nina——!

NINA: Oh, Nina, Nina, Nina! Or you, Mr. Jesson! I'm not to be influenced by your arguments either

# "Punch's" Editors—Old and New

shone like a plague spot, the wife obtained her divorce. And I refer to this case because it seems to me that this fashion of suggesting wrong is growing in the Courts. Less and less real evidence is adduced when it comes to a question of dissolving marriage, and far too much suspicion suggested. Perhaps the judge thought, in any case, that a union obviously unhappy had better be dissolved; but for my part I venture to think that if a woman marries and gets tired of her husband, or *vice versâ*, she should not have the assistance of our Courts of Justice to enable her to break her bargain on such flimsy facts as in any other Court would be non-suited immediately.

*Photo* *Russell and Sons*

**Sir Francis C. Burnand**

Who has just vacated the editorial chair of *Punch*

### "Punch" and Its Editorship

Not long ago the Government changed, and John Bull was violently shaken up by a revolution in his political system. No sooner had he shaken down to the new order, than another change shakes him up again — a change in the editorship of *Punch*. Sir Francis Burnand, for years the very embodiment of the *Punch* spirit, and the Prince of Parody, last week vacated the editorial chair.

* * *

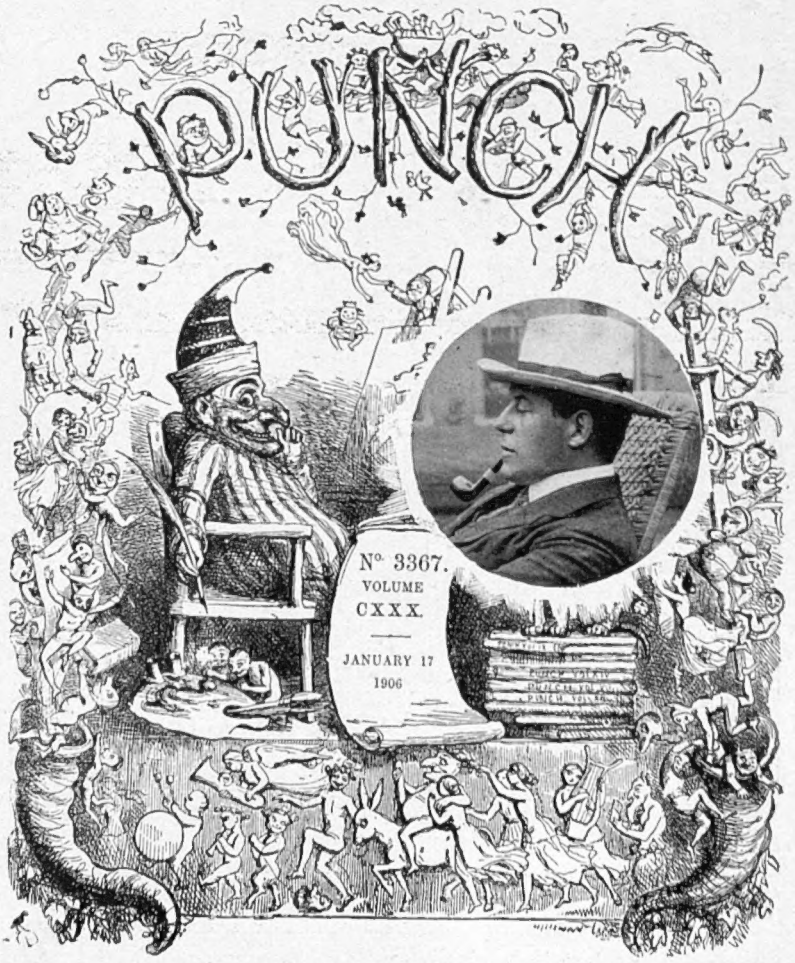
If Mr. Owen Seaman, the new editor, is in the humour for changing *Punch* arrangements, why not revive the summer afternoon staff outings described by Sir F. Burnand in his farewell article in the *Telegraph*, such as that coach drive to Tunbridge Wells, when the late editor, the portly Mr. Mark Lemon, nearly fell off the seat, and when Professor Leigh landed on top of Shirley Brooks's head and smashed his hat. A revival of such merry outings as this — say on motors instead of coaches—would do much to keep Mr. Punch before the public as a practical as well as a merely literary humorist.

### Sir William Huggins *not* a Nonagenarian

Our paragraph in last week's issue, wishing many happy returns to Sir William Huggins on his ninety-second birthday, was a little premature. Sir William has so far only attained eighty-two years of utility to the human race. In tendering our regret for thus "giving him ten years," we reserve to ourselves the hope that it will be our pleasant duty to reproduce the paragraph in identic language in a BYSTANDER dated February, 1916, when Sir William *will* be ninety-two, and, we trust, in the enjoyment of the best of health.

### At the Court Theatre

*The Voysey Inheritance* has now gone into the evening bill at the Court Theatre. "There's too much conversation in it," I overheard a lady remark as she made her way out of the theatre. This criticism is quite justified. Mr. Granville Barker shows signs of the Shavian influence. Moreover, his outlook upon life is not so penetrating as is Mr. Bernard Shaw's. Consequently, discussion by Mr. Barker's characters, although it interests us, does not engross us. Still there is no denying the cleverness of Mr. Barker's play nor its pleasant cynicism. It is such a relief to hear real people utter real things on the stage.




"Mr. Punch's" new editor, Mr. Owen Seaman

## REASON ENOUGH

"Why did they nickname her Mercédès?"
"I imagine because she's rather fast"

*DRAWN BY PENRHYN STANLAWS*

*Photo* Princess Patricia of Connaught Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson Lady Hely-Hutchinson Duchess of Connaught *D. Peters*

**H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AND PARTY ON THE LAWN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEWLANDS, CAPE COLONY**

# The Rough Courtiers of Norway

**Scattered Royal Family**

The last two weeks may be said to have constituted a record socially. Generally, the fact that the Court is at Buckingham Palace is an excuse for all sorts and conditions of entertaining and amusement. But this time, probably owing to the general disappointment at the necessary postponement of the Drawing Rooms consequent on the Queen's sad errand to Denmark, the opening of Parliament, and the political dinners and receptions, were the sum total of the social doings of the week. The fascinations of the Riviera and the absence of so many Royalties may also have contributed to the universal depression which is characterising the first weeks of the season.

The Royal Family may, indeed, be said to be scattered over the face of the globe. The Queen is in Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales still in India, Princess Henry of Battenberg and her daughter hardly returned from the betrothal holiday in Biarritz and the trousseau-buying in Paris, Prince Arthur of Connaught on his diplomatic mission to Japan, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in South Africa, where, by-the-bye, I hear they are winning the most golden opinions. Our illustration shows the Duchess, Princess Patricia, and party, on the lawn at Government House, Newlands, S.A., the official residence of the popular Sir Walter and Lady Hely-Hutchinson.

*Photo* *Lallie Charles*

**Mrs. Harry McCalmont**

One of the most beautiful and youthful grandmothers of the day

**"Bourgeois" Norwegian Nobility**

Talking of Royalties abroad, it is to be hoped that Princess Ena, when she becomes Queen of Spain, will not have the same difficulties to combat as are besetting the path of Queen Maud of Norway. After the decorum of the Courts of her mother and grandmother, Queen Maud finds the free and easy, most uncourtier-like manners of the members of the Norwegian Court more than trying. The Norwegians, as I said some time ago, are an honest people, but ignorant, swollen-headed, and nothing if not *bourgeois*. They are democrats pure and simple, and why they ever elected to be governed by

*Stereo Copyright* *Underwood and Underwood*

**The first Battle of Flowers on the Riviera, 1906**

The gaily decorated brake of the first battle of flowers at Cannes. The merry little party includes the children of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and of Lord Curzon

# Political Dining and Wining

a monarchy is a mystery. No doubt, in time, the charm and tact for which Queen Maud and her husband, King Haakon, are noted, will have the effect of making courtiers out of even the Norwegians, but meanwhile, the Royal path is thorny. It is hardly likely, however, that Princess Ena will have anything of the kind to complain of. Every Spaniard is at heart a courtier, and the poorest among them, like the Irish and Italians, have a manner a prince might envy. It is rumoured, by-the-bye, that the King and future Queen of Spain, inspired by the example last year of Prince and Princess Gustavus of Sweden, will spend their honeymoon in Ireland, motoring in Connemara. If this be so, the Duke of Manchester will very probably place Kylesmore, "the White Palace," at their disposal.

*Photo* *Martin Jacoette*

**Lady Mabel Crichton**

Whose engagement to Lord Hugh Grosvenor has just been announced

### Political Entertaining

Serious political dining and wining began last week in good earnest. Lady Wimborne's reception and dinner was put off on account of her mourning, but on Saturday Lady Campbell-Bannerman received in Downing Street, and on the same night Lady Lansdowne received the Opposition at Lansdowne House, and Lady Londonderry entertained the Conservative Peers at Londonderry House. The Duke of Devonshire was also dining his political friends on Saturday, but it is said that the Duchess will not take by any means her usual place amongst political hostesses this season, the trend of affairs political not being quite to the Duke's liking.

The formal opening of Parliament on Monday passed off without any dire disorder. *Is* this a result of the Labour infusion? Even the lady visitors who lost things found them again. It will be remembered that at a recent State opening the crush was so awful and the pushing so vigorous amongst the ladies that anyone who dropped her belongings—including her jewellery—never found them again. This time, however, they doubtless kept in mind Mr. Keir Hardie's interposition at the opening ceremony a week before—"There are other things besides the honour and dignity of the House; there were the rights of minorities and the rights and privileges of individual Members." Hear, hear, Mr. Keir Hardie, and now, perhaps, you will remember the rights and privileges of Members' *wives*, and get your friend, Mr. Burns, to take down that absurd grille.

*Photo* *Cosway Gallery*

**Lady Londonderry**

One of the most prominent of Conservative hostesses, who entertained the Opposition Members on Saturday at Londonderry House

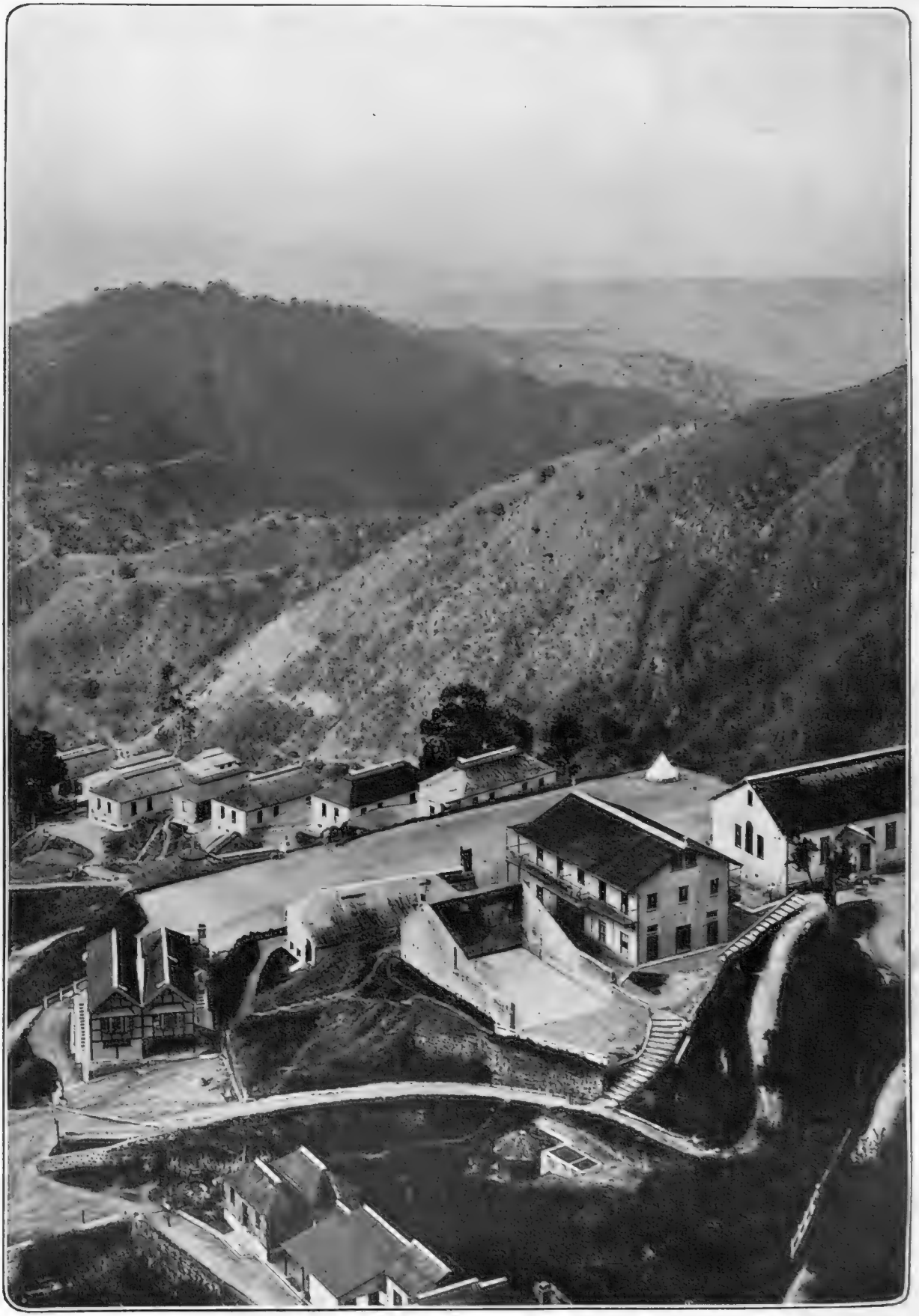
### The Riviera

There is only one place *not* to be in at this time of the year, and that is England. Workaday people and M.P.'s, chained to this wet little island, read a day or two ago, with malicious satisfaction, that after no less than five consecutive weeks of glorious sunshine, rain had fallen on the Riviera. However, it was only enough to lay the dust and make things generally pleasant all round, and now people are simply flocking down there in time for the Carnival, which is just beginning. Not that the Riviera is the only favoured resort. Ten years ago it had no rival, but now Switzerland, Spain, Corsica, the West Indies, and, of course, India and Egypt, bid fair to equal the Riviera in popularity. In the three last-mentioned places, at any rate, one is free from that objectionable French and German half-world element which is quite one of the most obtrusive features of the Riviera, and which, if the sky were not so blue and the sun so bright, would seriously injure its popularity.

### Winter in the West Indies

It is, in fact, more than likely that the weary one of the future, in need of a "change of world," will be ordered, not to the Mediterranean, but to the Caribbean. Every year the West Indies are attracting more tourists. Twelve days on board a Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.'s boat, especially when every day brings one into a warmer climate, are restful and healthful rather than tedious, and what a complete and exquisite change it is when we arrive in Jamaica! Warm sunshine—warmer than Madeira, Algiers, and the Riviera—rich tropical vegetation, high mountains, lovely forests, rivers and rivulets, thunderous cataracts, fruits of all kinds, and a peaceable, picturesque native population—these are some of the attractions offered us by the West Indian Islands. The photograph on

# The West Indies: The Latest Health Resort



**A typical Jamaica prospect**

The above photograph gives an adequate idea of the beauties of the scenery in our West Indian possessions. The town shown is Newcastle, Jamaica. The field for cricket, and the rackets court, will be seen in the centre

# The Koh-i-Noor Again

page 369 of Newcastle, a charming Jamaica mountain settlement, is sufficiently convincing of the beauties of the interior of the island, and that the village is prepared for a tourist invasion is evident from the spacious field in the centre ready for cricket and other recreations, close to which will be noted a prepared tennis court. Golf is by no means neglected in Jamaica, which has splendid links at many places, and for cycling, motoring, and driving, the roads will be found excellent.

To return to the Riviera proper. Many interesting people are at Mentone. The Queen of Sweden is there with her son, Prince Eugene, whose probable morganatic marriage I referred to last week, and the King will join her at the end of the month; the children of Lord and Lady Curzon, over from Cap Martin, are to be seen driving about Mentone in the same carriage as the Grand Duke Michael's children; half the Russian nobility, indeed, seem to be scattered over the Riviera, and at the Hotel Prince de Galles, Sir Duncan and Lady Hay are honeymooning.

**Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh**

Who is making a claim for breach of agreement against the British Government in Mr. Justice Bucknill's Court. Land, valued at millions of pounds, and pension amounting to £100,000. It was under this agreement that the Koh-i-Noor was transferred to Queen Victoria

### Prince Dhuleep Singh's Action

The *cause célèbre* of the week has been the action brought by Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh against the India Office, as successors of the old East India Company, to recover arrears of pension alleged to be due to the late Maharajah. It will be remembered that some eight years ago the Prince married Lady Anne Coventry, upon whom the Secretary of State for India made a settlement of £2,000 a year, and was accorded by Queen Victoria signal rights of precedence. To the Prince himself an annuity of £8,000 a year has been allowed by the India Office down to his bankruptcy. To the lay mind, these sums would seem sufficient, but, evidently, the descendant of the rulers of the Punjab and the owners of the Koh-i-Noor requires still greater compensation for the abnegation of these privileges. He is, of course, by this time absolutely English in everything but colour. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and is the fortunate possessor of perfectly charming manners.

### Queen Alexandra and Spiritualism

The Queen, during the last year or two, has shown a great interest in occult matters, and, accompanied by a member of her household, took part, not so very long ago, in a spiritualistic séance. Nothing whatever, it may be added, resulted that was of any moment on that occasion. The spirits began and ended by being sulky, and the Queen has not again attended a séance, although reports of specially interesting ones are delivered to her every now and again.

The King takes but little interest in occultism, although he did once get as far as Bond Street in his brougham, for the purpose of consulting a well-known lady palmist there. At the time of his serious illness, when his Coronation should have taken place, His Majesty was apprised of the fact that the Hindoo seers had exactly foretold what his fate on first coming to the Throne would be; but even that knowledge did not make him a true convert to the science!

It may have been her friend, Lady de Grey, who first interested Queen Alexandra in spiritualism, for she is, or was, herself a great believer in it. Years ago, a séance was given at Wimbledon, at which Lady de Grey was present. A clairvoyant approached her and touching the jewelled bangle on her arm, said, "I see before me an Eastern bazaar. Men and women come and go. A fair and lovely woman treading lightly passes by, and as she passes a stall she stops and purchases a bracelet of an Oriental. . . . . Now I see you, madame, in a beautiful room. Music is playing. That same lady of whom I have spoken wears the bracelet she bought in the East. You exclaim to her, 'What a beautiful bracelet.' 'You like it?' she answers, 'then it is yours?' And unclasping it from her own wrist she fastens it on to yours."

Now, it is a fact that Queen Alexandra had bought a bangle years ago in the bazaar at Cairo, and had bestowed it in the manner described upon Lady de Grey one night, after dinner, at Sandringham.

### A Royal "Head Nurse"

Princess Victoria of Wales, who goes by the name of "Head Nurse" at Sandringham, is once more there, mothering her nephews and niece, and never was there a more unselfish, devoted aunt than she. When in London, the Princess frequently sallies forth, accompanied by a lady, to make purchases, at

# The Most Talked-of Marriage in the World

*Photo]* **Miss Alice Roosevelt** *[George Grantham Bain*

Who last week became Mrs. Longworth. Americans have now resumed their normal life

# St. Pauls' New Prebendary

the Sloane Street and other toy-shops, of presents for the children. Her prime favourite is Prince Edward. One need not be a courtier to describe the young Prince as remarkable. His likeness to his "Granny Teck," as he still calls her, is very striking, and he has inherited in fullest measure her peculiar quickness of mind, her love of fun, and kindness of heart.

**The Rev. W. Carlile**

The Rev. W. Carlile, having put his hand to the plough, is not the man to look back. He is still advocating, with all his might, emigration to Canada as a panacea to the ills of the unemployed. Already arrangements have been completed for sending 1,000 tested emigrants to Canada during the coming season at a cost of £10,000. Now an appeal is made for a further £100,000 on behalf of another 10,000 emigrants. He writes:

*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**The Rev. Wilson Carlile**

Founder and hon. Chief Secretary of the Church Army, who has been made a Prebendary of St. Paul's

> For £10 a head we undertake the selection and testing of candidates, collecting and housing them in Liverpool pending embarkation, their transportation across the Atlantic to their ultimate destinations, housing them in Canada until they find employment, and placing them in situations with respectable western farmers. For £30 a family can be sent. After a year or two's experience on a farm, steady men can claim their free 160 acres, and create their own comfortable homesteads.

It is difficult on the face of it to see how an able-bodied man who is really on the brink of starvation for lack of work can refuse a chance of a fresh start in a new country. To end, as I have begun, with a Scriptural metaphor, the emigration scheme should prove an excellent means of separating the sheep from the goats.

**A Democratic Pope**

Something akin to a revolution has been brought about by the Pope in the procedure at the Vatican. He had not been long installed in his high office before his democratic tendencies began to act upon and reduce the pomp and ceremony which formerly obtained. English visitors to Rome come away delighted with the promptitude with which their requests for an audience of his Holiness are granted. The Pope is taking the keenest interest in the forthcoming marriage of the King of Spain, and is doing all in his power to facilitate arrangements for the reception of Princess Ena into the Church.

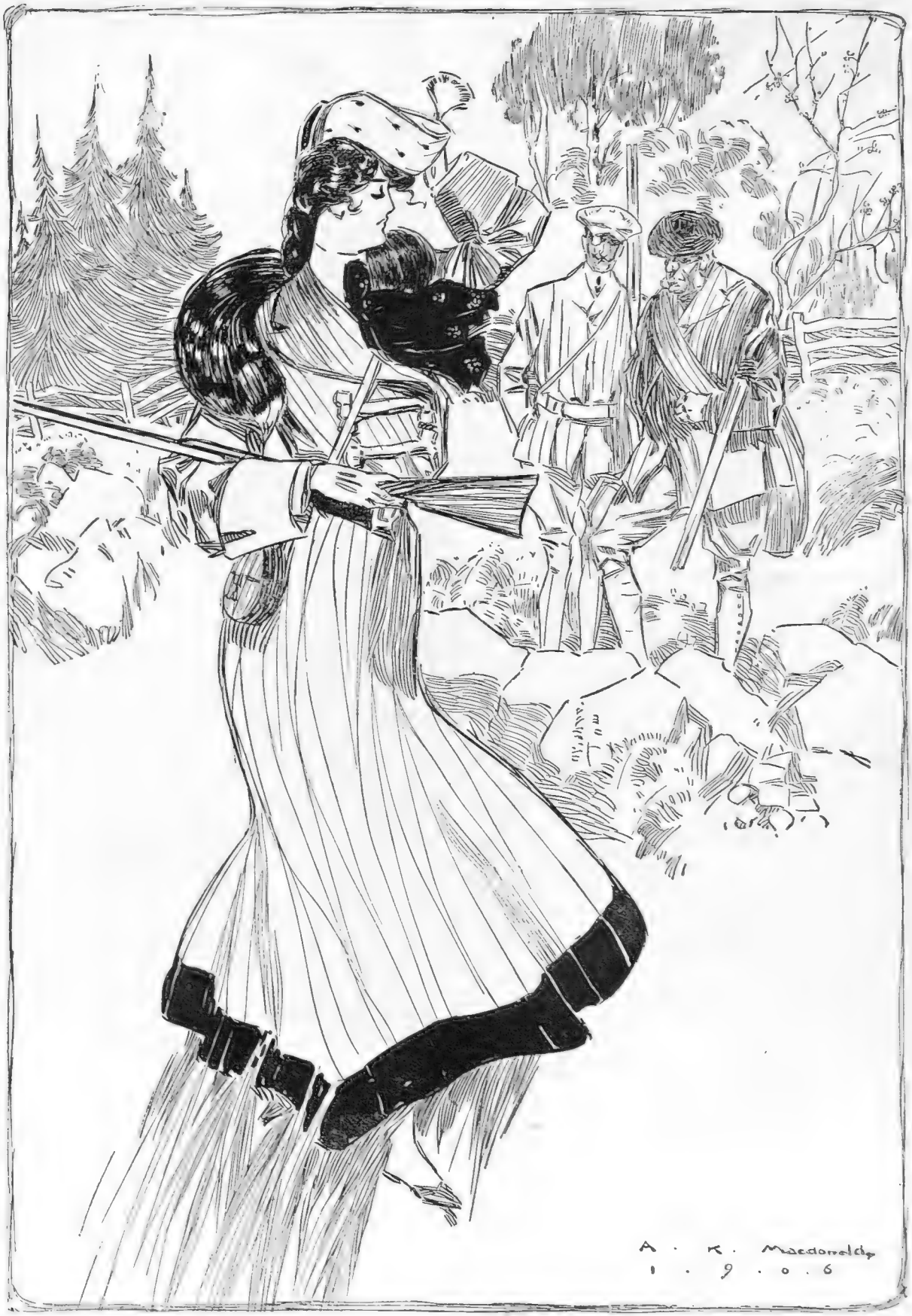
**A Canard**

There is not likely to be much in the rumoured engagement between Princess Patricia of Connaught and the young Marquis of Anglesey. The position of a Princess married to a non-Royalty is, as the Duchesses of Argyll and Fife have found out, not one to be envied. It was only last year, many years after her marriage, that the children of the latter Princess were recognised as "Highness."

BYSTANDER.

*Photo* *Topical Agency*

**Latest portrait of His Holiness the Pope, taken in the Vatican Gardens**




## ADAPTABLE AMERICAN WIVES

THE DUKE: "Has her Grace managed to hit anything this morning, Donald?"
GAMEKEEPER (*bitterly*): "Aye, indeed, your Grace, four dogs and a beater she's hittit"

*DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD*

# PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

PARIS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17

By FRANCES KEYZER

It is the smartest thing at the present moment to be seen at the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, better known as the "Epatant." Everybody procures invitations—they are to be had for the asking—and passes an hour in the warm, comfortable salons of the club. It is in truth *le dernier salon ou l'on cause*. For people meet to talk—to talk of the latest scandal, of the little girl the Russian prince picked up near the Madeleine, and clothed there and then from head to foot, starting, in fact, by the head, for it was at a fashionable milliner's he bought the spangled hat and feathers for two hundred and fifty francs, which the girl insisted on wearing with her torn boots and draggled skirt! How she hugged that hat! If it had not been so naughty, it would have been quite touching. And of the paintings, of course; but so little. It is a salon of portraits, and the people are discussed. There are polite little frauds, as a matter of course. No lady who respects herself—as they say here—could allow the artist to mention her name in the catalogue; these demonstrations are reserved for actresses and *demi-mondaines* who seek advertisement. So say the ladies. But we nevertheless find "Portrait of Mlle. M." among the "subjects," and belonging to Mme. Manoury under the "proprietors"; "Portrait of Mme. la Comtesse A.," belonging to M. le Comte Aubaret, etc. Mme. Henri Letelliar, as the wife of a journalist, had the courage to give her name—a wise precaution, as her friends might have failed to recognise her. The wife of a celebrated champagne grower also gave hers; but that is looked upon as a trade advertisement. I must say that in England these *mesquineries* are unknown.

### Some Real Portraits

There are portraits, however, that are worthy of being discussed from another point of view: "Mme. Colette Willy (Mme. Gauthier Villars)" and "Harry Melville, Esq." (*sic.*), by M. Blanche. Once again M. Blanche shows himself more in sympathy with a man's portrait than a woman's. His "Mme. Willy" is dull and lifeless; but "Harry Melville, Esq." is there to the life. The peculiar pose of the head, of the hands, the singular expression in the eyes and lips, these M. Blanche has seized and planted on his canvas. A work, however, to be seen at a distance by friends; too close, they might find something almost repulsive. Where does it lie? Who can say? Where does the Mona Lisa repulse? These are matters of individual feeling. In art there is that which attracts one, and distracts another.

**M. and Mme. Gauthier Villars riding in the Bois**

The celebrated author (known to Paris as "Willy") and his wife are popular figures in the gay city

"Harry Melville, Esq.," by Blanche, is attractive at a distance; but far or near decidedly clever, in fact, as clever a piece of work as any M Blanche has done.

### The Strange Case of Mlle. Bar

Mlle. Bar is the sensation of the moment. I remember having seen her at Saint-Quentin, the girl who, having been thrown into a magnetic sleep by her father or brother, gave medical consultations and dictated prescriptions to a Dr. Harmand, who affixed his signature to them. I also remember expressing my surprise, at the time, that a medical practitioner should have lent himself to this kind of work, and wondered why the Faculté de Médicine in Paris did not inquire into these irregular practices. Since I was in Saint-Quentin, Mlle. Bar's fame spread far and wide, and from every part of the country peop e flocked to the ancient city, like they would to Lourdes, to be miraculously cured. At last, the Medical Faculty took action, and brought a charge against the Bars—father and son—and the girl, and against Dr. Harmand as their accomplice. The case having been placed in the hands of M. Darigny, the examining magistrate, Dr. Paul Magnan, the well-known expert and lecturer at the College for nervous complaints, was nominated to make a careful examination; and this gentleman's report proves a curious and, at the same time, interesting document. He begins by certifying that Mlle. Bar is not shamming. Her magnetic sleep, he says, is perfectly genuine; but, he adds, she is suffering from hysteria, and belongs to that category from which somnambulists are recruited. Their number, indeed, is a large one. Dr. Magnan, however, lays much stress on the fact, that if persons are in that condition, commonly called the hypnotic sleep, when reason and memory are temporarily suspended and the will paralysed, they cannot in any way determine the nature of a disease, and still less prescribe its cure. In other words, these persons cannot, whilst in that state, perform any act they could not do whilst awake. As to the so-called prescriptions emanating from Mlle. Bar, Dr. Magnan assures us that in reality they vary very little, consisting chiefly of specialities that can be applied almost to any disease, although with little chance of success.

### Somnambulism and Hypnotism

Dr. Magnan also points out that medical celebrities, like Charcot, Brouardel, Dumontpallier, who made a deep study of somnambulism and hypnotism, have always expressed their disbelief in the possibility of a somnambulist being able to diagnose like Mlle. Bar pretends to do. Unfortunately, to a large portion of the public this sort of thing appeals very strongly, and we are constantly regaled with stories how Mr. X. or Mrs. Z. was miraculously cured by the occult séances, where the greatest medical men had failed. It is the old story of the faith that heals! But the curious part of the story is that both Mlle. Bar and her partner attack Dr. Magnan's report, and ask for another expert who must try Mlle. Bar's prescriptions in the big hospitals. In that case we may assist at some strange scenes.

**Is the Mantilla coming to England?**

Quite a sensation was caused at a recent first night in London of a new production by the appearance of two ladies wearing the Spanish mantilla. If this picturesque headgear becomes popular in England, it will add pretty considerably to the expenses of the feminine wardrobe. A lace mantilla of the kind seen in the above illustration of dancing girls of Seville costs anything up to £100. The shawl of the other dancer will be less familiar to English eyes. It is a silk *manton de Manilla*, made in the Philippines in the Chinese manner, that is, with great rich flowers of gorgeous colouring embroidered on a foundation of "raw" silk. These shawls are becoming more and more valuable every year, as they are supposed to improve with age, and as their importation has been almost stopped by the loss of these Colonies. One of their chief beauties is the fringe, which should be very heavy and always fall vertically of its own weight

# By Field, Stream, and Covert

**With the Warwickshire**

Followers of the Warwickshire Hounds are noted for their hard riding, and over the famous Red Horse Vale, and other parts of their country, they have every opportunity of gratifying their keenness for jumping and galloping. The fences are sometimes so formidable in the Warwickshire country that fields are occasionally pounded by one or two of the more venturesome and best-mounted riders. Such an incident occurred in a gallop over the Red Horse Vale during the present season, Mr. Freake being the only member of a large field to get over a particularly formidable fence, with the result that he had the sweet experience of being with hounds "on his own" for half an hour. Mr. Freake is hunting this season from Idlicote House, Lord Southampton's place, and he is but one of the many famous polo players who have been out regularly this season with the Warwickshire, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, who plays such a good game with him for the Old Cantabs, being another constant follower of the pack. The history of the Warwickshire Hunt goes back for more than a century, but the pack, as we know it to-day, mainly owes its great strength and beauty to the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, who was something of a martinet in his methods of filling the Mastership, but was eminently successful, and was regarded as being unquestionably one of the highest authorities on hounds and hunting of his time.

The Meet of the Warwickshire Hounds at Fenny Compton: Jack Brown, the huntsman

**Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke**

His successor in the title as well as the Mastership of the hounds, the present Lord Willoughby, carries on the country on much the same lines as those his father followed, and members of the Hunt have certainly enjoyed their full share of sport under his leadership. He is a fine horseman, and his wife can also hold her own with the lady members of the Hunt. Lady Willoughby de Broke is a charming figure on horseback, and rides as well as she looks. But then her family—the Hanburys—are nearly all hunting people, and one of them is Master of the Cottesmore. This season, the Warwickshire country is being hunted five days a week instead of four, the change having been made in response to a complaint—the only complaint he ever used to receive from the farmers, Lord Willoughby has said—that some parts of the district were not hunted often enough. The excellent relations which have invariably existed between the Warwickshire Hunt and the farmers in their country are likely to be much strengthened by the scheme, which is being practised for the first time this year, of helping the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution by local administration, thus

A fine field leaving Fenny Compton

Gone to ground

WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

# With the Warwickshire Hunt

The Master, Lord Willoughby de Broke, looking over his beautiful pack

enlarging upon its work in Warwickshire. In the first place, those who hunt with the Warwickshire Hounds were asked—as a recognition of the kindness of occupiers in allowing the Hunt the unfettered privilege of riding over their lands—to give their generous support to a new Hunt Farmers' Benevolent Fund, and a satisfactory response to the appeal was made. Besides promoting the interest of the Royal Institution, one of the objects of the new fund is to alleviate cases of distress among the very small farmers—men of 100 acres or smaller holdings—and generally to get at cases which the Royal Institution fails to cover. It is a praiseworthy notion, and I am glad to notice that it has gone along successfully so far.

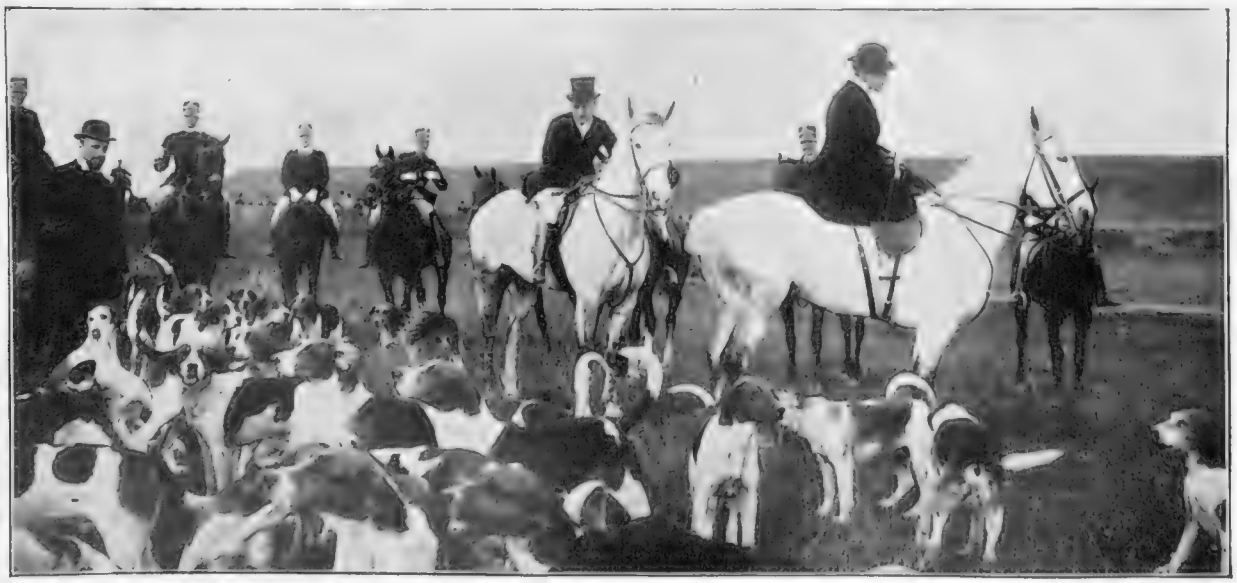
Miss Audley Pelham and Miss Synolda Pelham

Lady Pole, Mr. J. T. Pelham, and Miss Cardwell

WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

### Sport and the New Parliament

The swing of the pendulum or the good judgment of voters—call it what you will according to your political creed—has forced many a quondam legislator into unwilling retirement, but the opening of Parliament finds many well-known sportsmen among the recently elected Members, and on both sides of the House there will be no lack of hunting people. Other branches of field sport will likewise have their share of votaries. Among the representatives of the Metropolis, Sir Samuel Scott is a very keen follower of hounds; Mr. Sydney Buxton, the new Postmaster-General, is a recognised authority on shooting and fishing; while Mr. B. S. Straus has been too many years actively interested in the Turf not to be opposed to any measures which may be brought forward to the detriment of the best interests of racing. Mr. H. Bottomley can also be reckoned among the "turfites" of the new Parliament. Another well-known owner of racehorses, Mr. George Faber, has again been returned for York; while the House of Commons polo team can still rely on the good services of Mr. Winston Churchill, and receives two valuable recruits in Lord Castlereagh and Lord Wodehouse. An old polo player and ex-M.F.H., Viscount Valentia, has retained his seat at Oxford, and Mr. Ivor Guest, the new Liberal Member for Cardiff, bears a name that is widely known in the hunting and polo fields. Lord Morpeth, one of the victorious Birmingham Unionists, is the honorary secretary of the Cumberland Hunt. Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. A. Priestley, though differing in their political creeds, are agreed on the charms of a gallop over the open behind a good pack of hounds, and who is fonder of hunting than Mr. Walter Long, the elected of South Dublin? Aquatics have two stalwart champions in Mr. Dudley Ward and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, and motoring interests will be looked after by



**Hunting Abroad: A meet on the Roman Campagna**

In the centre of the picture is Signor D'Annunzio, the celebrated author, poet, and dramatist

A STUDY IN SKATECRAFT

How our Very Own Ice Gallant helped a lady out of a difficulty

*DRAWN BY RENE BULL*

Mr. Henry Norman and Mr. Henry du Cros. Among the County members, Mr. J. W. Lowther finds pleasant recreation from the trials of the Speakership in the Mastership of the Blencathra Foxhounds, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson was at one time Master of the Cumberland Hounds. Viscount Helmsley, the keen leader of the Sinnington, must likewise be mentioned. The Hon. F. W. Lambton, Colonel Lockwood, Sir P. A. Muntz, Mr. J. A. Pease, Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox, and Colonel Hall Walker are all good riders across country, and the last-named is known on the Turf as the owner of Black Arrow, Cherry Lass, and many other good horses.

A. W. C.

# SOME FAMOUS H

"Survey our Empire, and be

## No. 1.—RUFF

(The Beautiful Countr

RUFFORD ABBEY, the famou
quite one of the most interest
of Notts, and practically forms on
Dukeries." It dates from the Conquest,
latest of whom is King Edward—a frequ
library, gallery, and dining-room, all of whi
of the finest tapestries in the world. Even
that used by King Edward is treated diff
The crypt is most interesting, and is exact
a servants' hall. Rufford Abbey is haunted.
death of a man from shock at seeing the Ru
the most interesting portion being the Japa
largely here, and their house-parties are

1. View of Rufford Abbey
3. The Crypt—now
4. The Japanese Garden
6. The Hall
7. The King's

# BRITISH HOMES

behold our Home."—BYRON.

## ORD ABBEY

r Seat of Lord Savile)

ottinghamshire seat of Lord Savile, is
houses in England. It lies in the north
f the estates which are known as "The
has been visited by many monarchs, the
visitor. The principal rooms are the hall,
are beautifully decorated, and contain some
e bedrooms are hung with tapestries, though
ently, the walls being panelled in white.
as it has always been, but is now used as
nd in the church register is an entry of the
l ghost. The gardens are perfectly beautiful,
garden. Lord and Lady Savile entertain
ong the most cheery of any in the land

2. A typical bedroom in the north suite
w the servants' hall

5. The Dining-room

's Bedroom

8. The Gallery

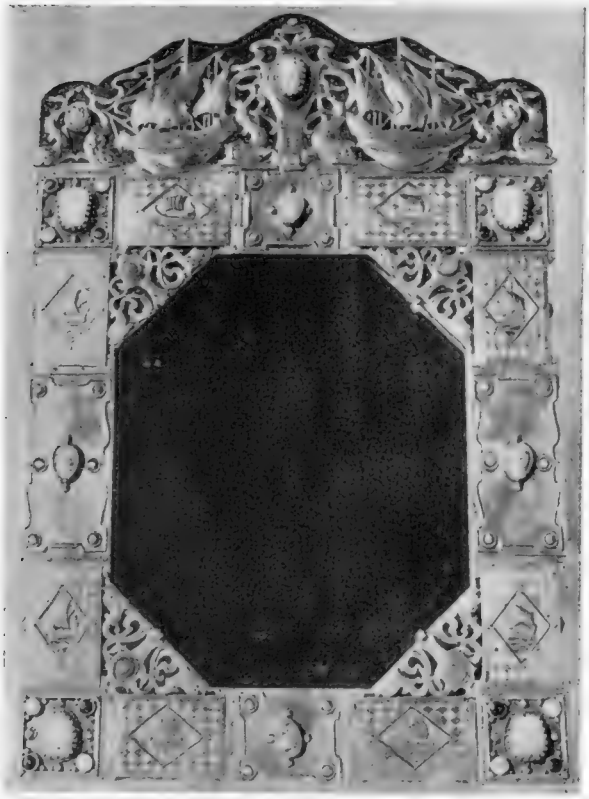
# The Connoisseur

## Silver and Enamel

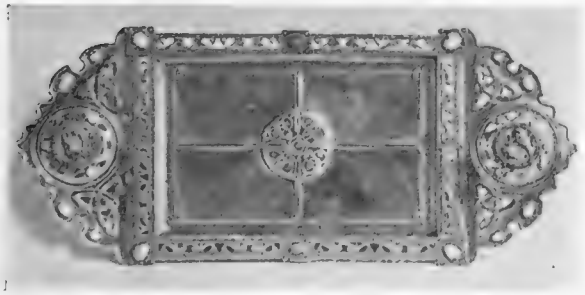
Although we live in a mechanical age, the renascence in regard to the silversmiths' and the enamellers' work which has taken place of late, shows that there is sufficient artistic strength abroad to fight against even the spirit of our period We are reminded of this by the excellence of much of the silver-work now being shown at the Arts and Crafts, where the various different styles at present in vogue are prominently displayed. Among the most characteristic workers and designers in enamel and silver is Mr. W. S. Hadaway, whose interesting pieces were exhibited at the Bruton Galleries last year. From that collection we give some photographs of examples which are the property of Mr. Hedley Cuthertson, and which show the character of Mr. Hadaway's elaborate, but bold and ornate, method far better than the plates and bowl and stand now to be seen at the Grafton Gallery. The powder box, scent bottle, and jewel casket, belong to a toilet set of many pieces—rich in enamel and jewels, but at the same time utilitarian in the highest degree. The mirror frame is a spirited fancy, although somewhat too complicated for our particular taste. but showing no small amount of resource and mastery of the various surfaces that silver can be made to present. Whether the particular style that Mr. Hadaway effects is silver at its highest use is a point of some æsthetic doubt. In any case, this work shows great skill and a deep interest in a subject capable of infinite development. It breaks away from many recent mechanical conventions, and if, in the violence of the ricochet, it sometimes appears to reach the barbaric and touches upon the styles of rougher metals, these are trifling faults of enthusiasm which will pass. E. M.

Powder box Scent bottle

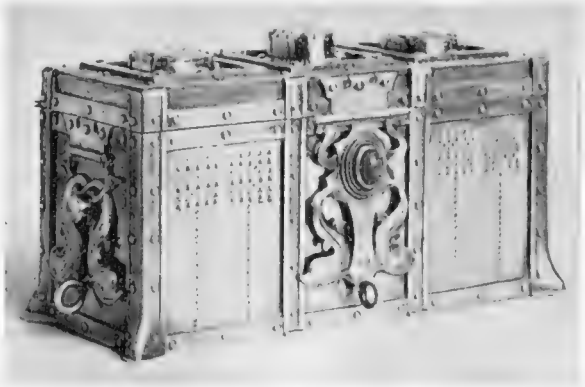
*(From a dressing-table set by Mr. W. S. Hadaway)*



Silver, jewel, and enamel mirror frame



Brush tray (silver, enamel, and precious stones)



Jewel casket (silver, enamel, and precious stones)

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 11

# THE TEMPTATION OF THERESA

By FREDERICK FENN

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

In an age which is far too ready to acclaim as a genius the man who destroys rather than the man who creates, and when restless spirits are always trying to demolish time-honoured institutions, leaving to others the task of erecting something better in their place, certain people of Conservative tendencies found a great satisfaction in contemplating the Frewen household.

"Marriage a failure? Bah!" said old Colonel Crawshay Glubb, one morning at the Club, as he saw his favourite paper overrun with columns of letters from people bent on airing in the Press their woes and mental infirmities. "Sick people ought not to be allowed to shout about their ailments like street urchins gloating over one another's sores. Look at my girl, Theresa, and young Frewen. No failure there, and I tell you it is happy marriages such as theirs which have made England what it is."

"And what is it, Colonel?" said Clive Rackham, a straw-coloured youth, with close-brushed, straw-coloured hair, and the weary manner of a young man who has plumbed life and found nothing in it.

"What is it? The first country in the world, in spite of this pettifogging Government, which would be on its last legs if it had ever had a leg to stand on. Napoleon said an army crawls on its stomach, so does this Government. However, it can't even crawl any longer, thank God! except to the polls."

Rackham lit a cigarette. "You Service men are always content if a thing has a fair surface," he said. "If a battleship has a new coat of paint and its brass work is bright, it's a smart ship; if a soldier keeps his accoutrements clean, he is a good soldier. Now I've always observed, to use a trite observation, that appearances are deceitful, and if a ship's paint is deceitful, so is the appearance of a happy married couple when you dine with them. I am not talking personalities, because I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. and Mrs. Frewen, but I've never yet come across a truly happy marriage. Of course, there are a few which survive from the mid-Victorian era, but in these I have noticed that the father and mother are usually disappointed in their children. You may have observed that I have never married myself—I am just giving you the reason why, though I am quite conscious of the fact that you think me a fool—many people do, especially people in the Services."

"Has it occurred to you," said the Colonel icily, "that women are not frantically anxious to marry a fool?"

"No, I can't say it has. I have known a good many colossal fools in the Services and out of them, but I never met one who couldn't find a woman ready to shut one eye to his folly and see in him something which wasn't there—or shall we say something which no one else could see? Now, I'm going to take a little toddle round the park to clear my brain before the evening papers come in. I suppose you're not coming?"

"No," said Colonel Crawshay Glubb, "I'm not. My brain is more active than my legs, thank you."

"Really! I'm so awfully glad," and the youth wandered out, while the Colonel settled down for a nap.

"Damn the fellow!" he said, before he went to sleep. "He's quite unsettled me. I must make a point of running round to-morrow and asking Theresa if she is happy." And he did, and Theresa, with an unruffled face, said: "Of course I am happy, papa. Perfectly." He wasn't the sort of father to whom you confess that you have been found wanting in a moment of trial, and are paying for it in a lifetime of bitterness.

Everyone said, when Anthony Frewen married Theresa Glubb, that it was an ideal marriage. Theresa was pretty and charming; Frewen was just beginning to forge ahead in the engineering world. The Frewen woven steel tie-rod had brought him considerable fame, if not much money. Three years older than Theresa, he was about six years her junior in knowledge of men and women. His fast developing brains had been given over to the consideration of tie-rods, girders, calculations as to breaking strains, vibration, and the like, while hers had dwelt on love, which meant to her the making of herself innocently attractive to eligible young men. Frewen was fascinated by her at sight. He had the young man's ideal woman at the back of his brain, and when he saw pretty, dainty Theresa, he promptly invested her with the attributes of his ideal. He walked home the night she accepted him, laughing in the way that it is good to hear a man laugh. He gave the policeman at the corner half a crown and confided to him the news.

"Well, sir," said that astute official, "I've known it turn out all right," whereat Anthony laughed again and gave him another half-crown. The difference in the young people may best be illustrated by saying that Theresa, confiding the news to her bosom friend, said: "He wants it to be very soon, and then I shall never be Miss Glubb any more."

This was the manner of the Frewen marriage, and no particular harm need have come of it but for the fact that Theresa, at the time of her marriage, had reached practically her full soul development. She had made, from a worldly point of view, an entirely satisfactory future for herself. Her husband was young, charming, devoted, and already becoming famous. She had everything, in short, that she wanted, and so, like a prudent, limited, business woman, she set to work to consolidate her position, assuming always that if she were content her partner

Next week will be published "The Futility of William Penarden," by BARRY PAIN

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must necessarily be content as well. But Anthony Frewen was still growing. He had happened to meet Theresa at the summit of her achievement—the end for him was not even in sight. It never occurred to him that the woman he loved would stand in the path of his ambition, nor had he realised that a woman may be as jealous of a man's work as of a more human mistress. When a man discovers that the great deeds he is doing, or trying to do, to the glory of the saint enshrined at home, to the honour of the mother of the son to whom he wants to leave an inheritance of fame, are regarded merely in a spirit of petty jealousy, then trouble begins, and this was how it began.

The crisis came just at the time when Mainwaring, Dexter, Son and Co. had the contract for building the new bridge over the Indus for the Indian Government, who were then developing that wonderful railway system to facilitate mobilisation in case of a Russian advance. Well, Mainwaring, Dexter, Son and Co. had heard of Frewen and his woven steel girders and tie-rods, and they had thought of him as a likely man to take in hand what would undoubtedly prove one of the finest pieces of engineering to be done that generation, so when "Son" said to Mainwaring and Dexter: "Let's have Frewen," they said: "Go round and see him, and tell him if he likes to put in for it, his application will be very favourably considered." The job, of course, meant a long exile in India, but it meant a great reputation to the man who successfully saw it through.

Son went to see Frewen, but Frewen had gone away to apply for a berth that the new County Council were offering—it was a comfortable job as jobs go, at £1,500 a year—so he chatted to Mrs. Frewen.

"He must send in his application before the end of the week," said Son. "There are fifty people after this business, but it's all right, he'll have it, and it will make him. When does he come back?"

"Wednesday," said Mrs. Frewen. "He's staying with Sir John Dugdale."

"That's all right, he'll have oceans of time."

"It's so good of you to think of him."

"That's all right; we're thinking of ourselves, really."

"I suppose it would mean his being away a long while."

"A tidy while; but Tony's ambitious, and it's a grand chance."

"Of course. It is really kind of you."

Then they had tea, and the two-year-old Anthony Frewen came in to be admired.

"I shouldn't be able to go with him, I suppose?"

"You couldn't take the little chap there, you know," said Son. "It's almost like being a soldier's wife to be the wife of a big engineer, isn't it? And Anthony's a big man. I've known that ever since we were at college together."

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. Frewen, proudly, "but a big man can be big anywhere. Don't you think so?"

Son took a muffin and stood on the hearthrug. "Oh, I suppose so; but I tell you this, Mrs. Frewen: the ordinary Johnny only gets about one chance in his lifetime. Very few beggars get two chances, and it isn't enough to be only clever, you've got to be clever enough to see your chance when it comes along and catch on to it. There is a tide—don't you know—well, those bally tides only come about once in a lifetime, and most chaps don't recognise that it's an out of the way high tide until it's slipped away—ebbed, don't you call it? That's why I trotted round to rub it into Anthony, because I'm off to Vienna to-morrow, and shan't be back till the Lord knows when. Good-bye," and he went.

And Theresa Frewen, sitting alone with little Anthony, thought—thought of what would be best for Anthony, Senior, and tried to persuade herself that what she wished would be best for him. She had only been married three years, and she was not very strong just then. She knew the doctors would not allow her to go and grill in India. She knew that even if she went, despite the doctors, it would mean leaving little Anthony at home, and she feared a year or two years' absence—feared it for her husband. That lurid passionate East. She had read about it in Kipling. What temptations might not come to Anthony, while at home there was a certain £1,500 a year, no separation, and comfort. Surely that would be best for all. It's only the wise women who know that they must not make decisions for their husbands without their husbands.

Anthony Frewen came home two days later. The fifteen hundred a year was to be his if he chose.

"You'd never have to worry about money any more, little woman, would you?" he said tenderly. "And Tony would be safe, wouldn't you, sonny?" he said to the child.

"It *would* be comfortable," said Theresa.

"And yet it's only hack work after all."

"It needn't be; with an assured income you would be able to do what you like in your spare time."

"Oh that spare time!" said Anthony with a laugh, and turned to the paper, and Theresa hardened her heart.

He put down the paper at length and lit a pipe. "It's too good a chance to be missed."

"We mustn't think only of ourselves; there's Tony, and we should all be together." Should she tell him? They had been married such a little while, and he would go. Oh yes, he would go.

"Yes."

It was a very grudging "yes," and then there was silence.

"What are you thinking of, dear?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes I do. I suppose I was thinking of that Indus bridge, Mainwaring and Dexter's affair. By Jove, if they'd have let me do it and put in my woven steel ties. I tell you what, little girl, dozens of these iron things are going to pot in forty or fifty years; and one doesn't build bridges for forty or fifty years only. Most of these beggars don't understand iron, much less steel. It's alive. There's life in it, and there's decay in it. It's always growing and changing and wasting, and they don't know when it's healthy as I do. Some of the iron they put up has no constitution, it's drunk, rotten, paralytic, but my woven steel—it's sane, it grows like a young oak. By God, why won't they believe in me?"

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# Why Not Revive National Dress?

*Photo* *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

**Miss Williams and Miss N. Williams, of St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire, in Welsh National Dress**

Royalties and Scotchmen seem to be the only people who care to run the risk of being "different," by wearing national dress, in these self-conscious days. Queen Maud of Norway, "Carmen Sylva," the beautiful Queen of Roumania, and the Crown Princess of that country, often wear the national dress of their adopted countries, and very becoming they are in every case. One of the most distinctive of national costumes, though by no means the most beautiful, is the Welsh; and our illustration depicts Miss Williams and Miss N. Williams, of St. Donat's Castle, Glam., garbed in a very correct rendering of the national dress of Wales

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"Did you ask Mainwarings?" said Theresa, with that steady little composure which seldom deserts a limited nature.

"No! I suppose I was too proud. Young Dexter knows me. He knows what I can do. We were at the technical college together, you know, and I used to spout my ideas to him by the yard. If he'd thought I was the man for the job he'd have come to me. I won't ask for things for friendship's sake if anyone thinks I'm not the man."

"If you had got it," said Theresa, "you'd have had to go away for a long time."

"Yes, and it's a filthy place—I couldn't have taken you; what a selfish beast I am; but, by Jove, I do envy the chap who's got that chance."

Theresa's little brain was working hard. He would go if he knew, and it would be bad for him. It was really best that he should not go. The minutes slipped by and she held her peace, and then the time for speaking had passed. The next day Anthony Frewen wrote in for and was given the post of assistant engineer on the County Council Overhead Petrol Quick Transit Railways, which were just then spreading over London like a new disease.

It was some time before Anthony Frewen learned the truth; not indeed until there was a little year-old Barbara getting almost big enough to play with young Anthony. Then he met Dexter at the Club. The great Indus bridge was complete then. A Viceroy had opened it with the air of having made it, and there was some little stir about it, and photographs in the illustrated papers.

"You know, Frewen," said Dexter after lunch, "every man, I suppose, knows his own business best, but I always thought you were a thundering ass not to put in for that Indus job."

"Did you?" said Anthony. "Well, I've always had it a little up against you that you didn't come to me about it."

"Didn't come to you? But I did!"

"When?"

"The week it was settled. Our people were quite ready for you, and I trotted round—just before I went abroad. You were out, but I told Mrs. Frewen the whole thing, and said you must apply at once Didn't she tell you?"

"She must have forgotten," said Anthony steadily. "She was very worried just then about another matter."

"Yes, of course." Dexter nervously avoided the other man's eyes. "Well, I'm sorry. However, I daresay you've done better for yourself as it is. What have you been doing, by the way? I'm right out of things after eighteen months' absence."

"What have I been doing? Hack work! Selling my soul for fifteen hundred a year; but I'm resigning to-day. Do you think that people ever have a second chance given them if they miss the first?"

"Sometimes. Beggars like you do, but not ordinary chaps. Jolly few of them ever get one."

It was a shock to Theresa when she learned a month later that Anthony had thrown up his appointment. She even lectured him mildly on his recklessness. It seemed very futile to her; a sort of flying in the face of Providence. Anthony was very silent. In these days they did not talk much. Somehow there seemed little to talk about.

"But I really can't see why you did it. In another two or three years they'd have made it £2,000."

"You can't see why? I suppose not. The fact is I'm going to begin work again."

"I'm sure you work hard enough."

"Oh, yes, in a way I suppose I do, but it's all futile." Then he filled his pipe and watched her, and Theresa was troubled. "I want you to tell me one thing. You remember eighteen months ago? Why didn't you give me Dexter's message when he came round and told me to put in for the Indus job?"

It had come at last, and Theresa trembled a little.

"I didn't want you to go. I felt you would go."

"Thank you."

"Now you'll never forgive me," and she began to cry. "I was so afraid of your going, and I think I hoped you'd never know. You'll never forgive me."

"That's one of the things no woman may do—fool her husband."

"But Anthony, Anthony, don't you see? You must see what made me do it," and she came to him, roused out of herself, ready to cry on his shoulder and be comforted and forgiven like a naughty child who has confessed.

"I know you did it because you were fond of me, but that isn't the way a man cares about a woman being fond of him. We'll never speak of it again, please," and then he kissed her quietly and went out.

As many another has done before, he turned to work with renewed energy to dull his disappointment at home, and the name of Frewen once more began to be talked about in connection with constructional steel work. A big disaster brought a new invention of his prominently forward, and a new invention, the Frewen cased steel, was in great request. At home Theresa, who had feared financial stress when Anthony threw up his appointment, smiled and was pleased.

"It's really such a good thing Anthony didn't have the chance of building that Indus bridge," she said to her father when he paid one of his periodical visits of inspection to see if she looked happy. Colonel Crawshay Glubb had three married daughters, and he paid visits of inspection to each in turn like a Government inspector visiting factories to see that the welfare of the workers was being safeguarded.

"No married man should want to go to India," said the Colonel. He had been on the Gold Coast, where no sane man dreams of taking a woman.

"He's really doing so well now."

"Yes," said the Colonel. "By the way, who are these Lee-Martins he so often goes to see?"

"Oh, quite nice people," said Theresa, sweetly.

And the Colonel took his leave very satisfied.

But the Lee-Martins were Theresa's thorn in the flesh.

John Lee-Martin was an erratic genius—a big man in his way, but a man who took what he wanted. There are some men who, when they want anything—fortune, wife, or position—work for it quietly, never losing sight of the goal, and if the desire be strong enough to over-ride obstacles, in the end they attain it. There are others, and they are fewer, who boldly stride to the goal and take the desired object. Very few people really stand in the way of a man who is bent on taking a thing, and is ready if need be to pay for it with his life. John Lee-Martin

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# Operetta at the Coliseum

*Photo* *Campbell-Gray*

**MISS MADGE TEMPLE**

Who plays the title-rôle in the original romantic operetta *Fenella*. One of the strongest and most popular features in the programme at the Coliseum is the operetta (and also the excerpts from favourite operas), in which very strong casts are engaged. The Coliseum makes an almost ideal opera-house

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was one of these, though, and many years before the date of this story he had set his heart on Katharine Lee-Martin. She wasn't Katharine Lee-Martin then. She was Katharine Renshaw, the wife of a little man who was rather afraid of her, but who had a great respect for her mental abilities. She had married, as many girls do marry, partly to escape from a disagreeable home, and partly because Renshaw had told her that love would come after marriage. When Lee-Martin, just off to Venezuela, asked her to come with him, she went, and Renshaw found his outraged feelings very interesting. Of course, he talked about suicide, but a fluffy-haired little thing talked him out of it, and he divorced Katharine and, marrying the sympathiser, was very happy.

When the Lee-Martins returned, Lee-Martin was a big man, and a talked-about man, whom everybody wanted to know, and as his wife—they married abroad—didn't much want to know them, they wanted all the more. Morally, they should have been unhappy, but they weren't, so the world ran after them to find out why. Lee-Martin was an electrician. He didn't put up electric installations, but he was then astonishing the world with the result of his investigations into the effect of electricity on the homogeneity of metals. His book on the "Grouping of Atoms under Electric Influence" had already made him famous, and a paper on "Steel: Its Diseases and the Circulation of its Atoms," read before the Royal Society, had won him signal renown in Germany. In England, no one then believed in the vitality of metals, and his atomic circulation theory was disregarded by everyone except Anthony Frewen. Katharine was neither an electrician or a bridge builder, and she knew nothing about steel, but she was one of those stimulating, capable women who, whatever they talk about or are silent about, rouse the ambitions and stimulate the faculties of the man with whom they come in contact. She had very wide sympathies, and the man who was doing anything worth doing never left her after an evening's talk without finding that he was a little nearer to the solution of the problem worrying him, and this though the conversation might have been about entirely alien matters. This was the house to which Anthony Frewen went when his soul was vexed, and here he found what he missed at home. He was not in love with Mrs. Lee-Martin, nor she with him. All the woman in her was for her husband, to whom she was devoted, but she made Frewen welcome and was kind to Theresa.

In the end, of course, kind friends began to point out to Theresa that her husband was too often at this house.

"Of course, we all know," said little Lady Dugdale, "how proud you are of him, and how fond he is of you, but it is not a good thing for a man to see so much of another woman. You know what men are. I wonder that Lee-Martin allows it."

"Mr. Lee-Martin is a great friend of Anthony's," said Theresa.

"They always are at first," said Lady Dugdale primly.

Theresa brooded over this, and the next time the subject was broached—it was by Anthony's sister Julia, a rigid spinster, who was always discovering in men the causes for her not having married one of them—she was almost tearful.

"Anthony is so easily influenced," said Julia. "You must know that."

"And I suppose a woman who has run away once doesn't think so much about that sort of thing as a really good woman," said poor Theresa.

"How can she?" said Julia.

"No, of course not."

"You should never let these things go too far."

"But they always have gone too far when you notice them. That's what makes you notice them."

"You poor child," said Julia. "They haven't gone too far yet, thank God! I know Anthony; you talk to him quietly about it. Men are so easily managed if once you let them see that your eyes are open. Women owe it to each other not to shut their eyes to these things. It's nothing to worry about yet, but a lot of disagreeable people are talking. Now I must go. Good-bye."

Mrs. Frewen was a cautious little woman, or, at least, had learned caution during the three years when the estrangement had been growing, and so it was a long while before she ventured to broach the subject, though in a thousand little ways she irritated Anthony by trying to make him give up his obnoxious friends. She broached it at length, though on the day when Frewen's baronetcy was announced. He got it at the opening of the new cased steel bridge over the Thames at the foot of Kingsway—the bridge which now carries the trams and connects the north and south London systems. She suggested delicately but acidly that he would be wiser to listen to reason, and that it would be a pity if people should talk about his friendships now.

"Why now?" said Anthony.

"In our position," said Lady Frewen, "we have to be more careful."

Anthony got up and lit his pipe. He wouldn't smoke cigars, although his wife thought them much more fitting. "I have accepted this title," he said, "because I like ideas to have recognition as well as money, but I would not have accepted it if I felt that it would in any way influence my morality—or immorality, whichever you choose to call it."

"No one would call you immoral," said Lady Frewen, "but you know what the world is, and so many people gossip about you and Mrs. Lee-Martin. Of course, I know you are only friends, and don't listen, but still they talk. Don't you think you might give up the Lee-Martins? It would be such a little thing now."

"To give up one's old friends? I shouldn't find that a little thing."

"You could easily make more useful friends. After all, you know what Mrs. Lee-Martin is. Of course, I've always been nice to her, but a woman who would do the things she has done oughtn't really to be encouraged."

"I don't encourage her. She encourages me," said Anthony grimly.

A pink spot came into either of Lady Frewen's cheeks, and for the first time Anthony realised that he hated this woman who bore his name. He looked at the fire thoughtfully, and reviewed his married life. He saw it resolve itself into two periods. The

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# "Protection"

*Photo* *Underwood and Underwood*

**"A LUCKY DOG"**

A believer in the protective principle of tariff walls

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first period covered the years which culminated in the episode over the bridge. At that time he realised that they had been growing apart, and that he was wholly out of sympathy with her and distrusted her. The second period extended from then to this hour; this last time he had grown to hate her. He saw the pity of it, but affection and sympathy are as little static as the steel which he loved and understood. If two people cannot develop together, they must inevitably became antagonistic.

"But you see that it would be best not to go so much to the Lee-Martins?" said Lady Frewen, with the pertinacity of her type.

Nine men out of ten would have shelved the question with fair words, but Anthony was the tenth.

"When you told me how you kept back Dexter's offer over that bridge business three years ago," he said, quietly, "I said we'd never speak of the matter again, but now I must. You failed me then at a critical moment. I can't forget it. Anyone who would do that, I couldn't ever trust again. You killed my loyalty, and I, in a way, forgave you, as far as forgiveness is worth anything, because I saw that it was not so much your fault as it was constitutional. Ever since then I suppose I have looked at you dispassionately, just as I might at another man's wife. We must live our own lives now, superficially together, at heart apart. I wanted help from you. You failed me, and so I find it elsewhere. I've got to be brutal now for the sake of the future. A man doesn't put his money again in a bank that has failed."

Lady Frewen began to cry.

"I wish you wouldn't cry when I want you to talk reasonably."

"I can't help it. I've been so proud of you, and now you want to leave me—for that woman."

Anthony set his teeth. "You're insulting *that* woman and Lee-Martin and me."

"Then why can't you forgive me? I know now. I'd tell you everything. I wouldn't do that again."

"No, not that, but something else."

"But you want to leave me for someone, and I'm thinking of you, really. It would ruin you, and everyone speaks so highly of you and what you've done. Anthony, for the sake of Tony, even if you don't care for me, don't do anything wicked. I couldn't bear Tony to be ashamed of his father?"

"Don't bring in the children as trump cards, Theresa," said Anthony. "Play your own game."

"How can you call it a game when I'm so miserable?"

"Tony shall never be ashamed of his father. Don't you even now understand that if I leave him a name to encourage him, it will have been in spite of you. I'm not going to desert you."

"Oh, thank God!" said Lady Frewen hysterically.

"Please understand, if it comforts you, that I have been, and always shall be, what is called faithful to you, if you attach any importance to that, but if I want understanding, sympathy, friendship, encouragement, whatever you choose to call it, I am going where I please to find it On those terms only do we keep up appearances and continue to live here together."

"You mean," sobbed Lady Frewen, "that you don't love me any more?"

"I'm very sorry," said Anthony, "but we've got to make the best of it."

"But you won't let there be any scandal?"

"Not unless you make it."

Lady Frewen pulled herself together and dried her eyes. "I hope I shall always do my duty for the children's sake and for yours, but I will not stand quietly by and see you ruin your reputation."

"I am talking to you now because I think it better that we should understand one another. It may be John Lee-Martin now or Katharine Lee-Martin," Lady Frewen winced at the "Katharine," "it may be the Browns, Smiths, or Bakers in the future. I am going to be free to have whatever friends I choose. Otherwise we will part now, and I make you a suitable allowance. You agree?"

"We won't discuss it any more," said Lady Frewen, sadly but sweetly. "Some day you will see that all I have done has been in your interests, and then you will understand and be sorry," and giving him a humble kiss, she left the room.

Anthony smiled grimly, and lit another pipe. He knew he would have his way.

. . . . .

When Colonel Crawshay Glubb next went into the Club, he found young Rackham examining his straw-coloured hair in a mirror to see that no strand was out of place. "I notice," said that astute youth, "that some Harley Street Johnny has been advocating that every beggar should have three wives. Bit of a handful, eh, Glubb?"

Colonel Crawshay Glubb shifted uneasily.

"If some of you selfish young men would take one wife, those Harley Street fools wouldn't have to advocate immoralities."

"Of course; but it's we single, lazy devils who make the world interesting," said Rackham, complacently.

"Who make it go to the devil."

"Oh, it just goes, it doesn't need much making. You old moralists try to pull it back like beggars pulling a pig's leg, but it goes on in spite of you. I look upon marriage as one of the deadly sins. That is if you want freedom."

"Marriage," said the Colonel, "is a big thing, but a damned fine thing."

"It's a big sin; still I wouldn't shun it because of that. It's not the big sins that ruin a man, but the hundred irritating little consequences. A man may commit a murder and be a fine chap. It's the trying him and hanging him that wrecks his career."

"I have been married, sir," said the Colonel. "Don't try to teach me about things you know nothing about."

"Well," said Rackham, "I still challenge you to show me a happy marriage. Look at you, you're married and you're not happy."

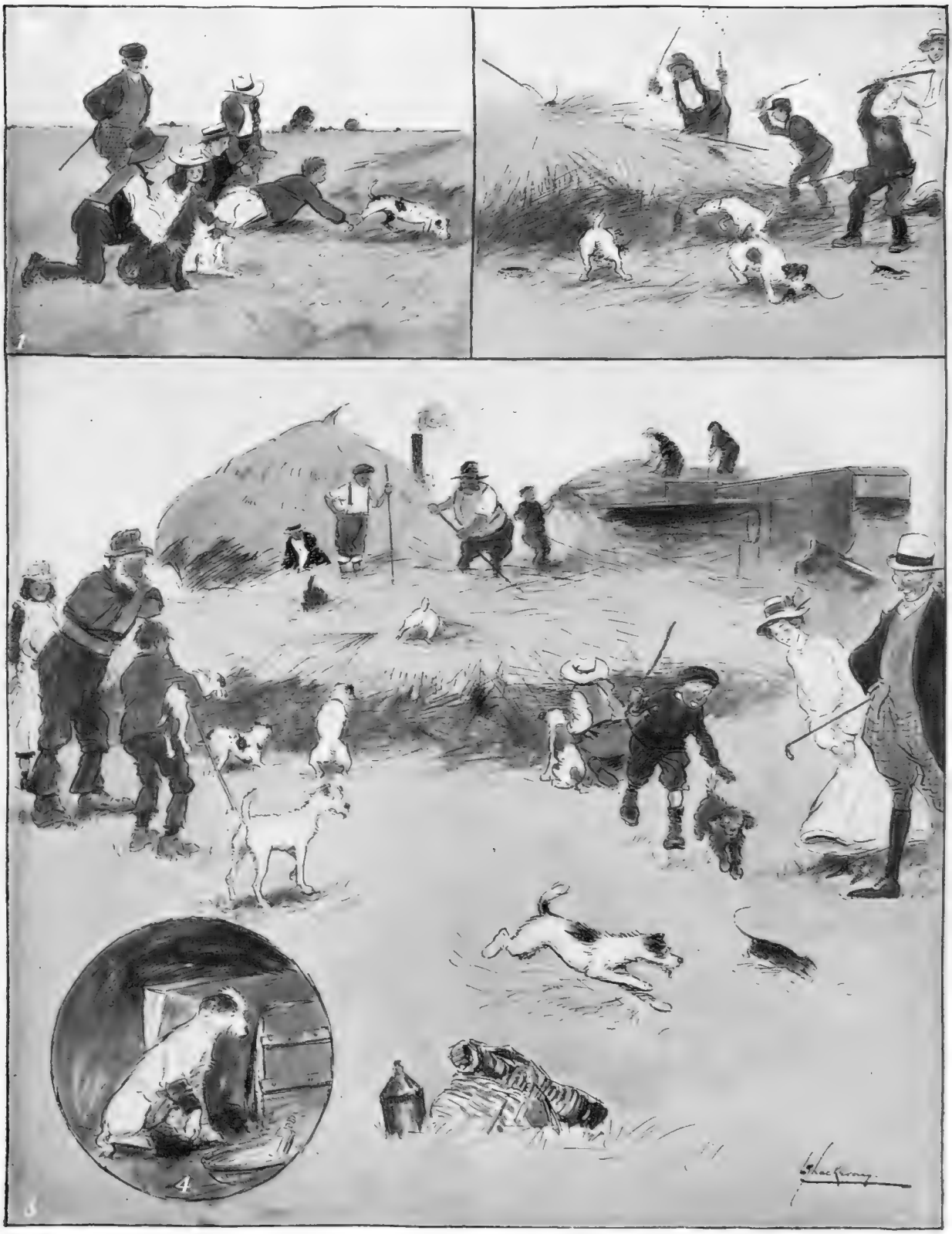
"I am happy, deuced happy!" said the Colonel, in a fury.

"Ah, well, it is a very long time ago since you married; you've forgotten."

"Damn it all, sir," said the Colonel. "Come and see my daughter Theresa—married to the finest chap in the country, plenty of money, good house, and a ripping little chap growing up. She's as happy as the day is long."

FREDERICK FENN.

# Country Life



RATTING IN THE RICKS

(1) Patience
(2) A warm corner
(3) General view of the field
(4) The glorious ending of a happy day

*DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY*

# The Badger

## A FEW WORDS IN HIS DEFENCE. By "PEEP-OUT"

In all probability there is no other animal to-day extant in the British Isles—unless it be the otter—who is so much maligned and misunderstood as the badger. His very name is enough to conjure up visions of cruelty and baiting in the minds of the majority of people, or to cause them to turn up their nose in disgust when they trot out the usual objection to it on account of its offensive odour. Though most unobtrusive and retiring in his ways, the badger has to contend with a whole crowd of witnesses, who are ever ready to convict him of egg-sucking, and even vulpicide.

### The Badger Badgered

In fact, to most keepers of game he is an object of relentless persecution. I say "most" advisedly, for there are, I am glad to say, several more enlightened members of the velveteen fraternity who know better and treat him fairly, though many Masters of hounds and huntsmen are ever ready to exterminate him from gorse and coppice. But even among them, again, there are others who hold contrary views, and are satisfied to wage a merciful war against the badger, so long as he does not become so numerous as to evict the fox from earths or drains by sheer weight of numbers. But to most naturalists and lovers of animals, and to those who dwell in the country, the badger is an object of tolerant, if not affectionate, interest, though his nocturnal habits present but rare opportunities of observing his ways and customs. And this probably accounts for the gross and ignorant fables and fairy-tales that, even to-day, are inseparably connected with him, for when you kill a badger many people will ask you to show them his forelegs that they may see which is the shorter one, having heard that a badger has one leg shorter than the other to enable him to run up and down hill more quickly. Need I say, this is a fallacy?

A batch of badgers

### Badger Lore

Then, not many years ago, there were text-books of sport and natural history which said there were two sorts of badgers, one the ordinary sort, and the other with cloven hoofs and a swinish nature. And I have in my possession an old coloured print in which two badgers are so represented. Possibly from this idea we get the terms Boar and sow, as applied to the male and female badger. Many names and nicknames does the badger possess—brock and brocky, from the Celtic brock; gray, from his colour; and bawson, or stripey, from an old English word suggested by the invariable white streaks or stripes that run from the tip of his snout to the back of his neck and along the top of his skull.

**The New Route to Ireland: Fishguard Harbour**

The above tropical-looking scene is not, as might be supposed, taken from the Mediterranean or the West Indies, but from our own shores. It is Fishguard Harbour, in South Cardigan Bay, and is now to become famous as the starting-point (*viâ* G.W.R.) for the newest, shortest, and most direct sea route to Ireland. The passage of fifty-four miles will be made in less than three hours, and three new Turbine steamers, with a speed of 22½ knots, magnificently appointed, are to be engaged in taking passengers from Fishguard to Rosslare. They will, it is said, excel anything in use at present, for cross-channel service. Great things are expected for the development of Fishguard as a watering-place and health resort. As the tropical plants in the photograph show, the climate is mild; the harbour is beautifully situated, and most convenient as a centre for travel in Wales, being near the Cathedral at St. David's and other places of interest

# The Library

## BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

**FICTION**

"Nature's Vagabond." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Scholar's Daughter." By Beatrice Harraden. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"A Time of Terror." (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Great Refusal." By Maxwell Gray. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Bending of a Twig." By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

**MISCELLANEOUS**

"Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management." New edition. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The habit of collecting together the short stories of which one has at various times been guilty, and republishing them under the title of story No. 1, is not to be encouraged, unless—well, there are a number of exceptions. The stories must, to possess the power of sustaining interest, be connected in some way, either by their possessing a common *locale*, some recurring characters, or by each story tending to illustrate some well-defined "moral," theory, or even paradox. In such cases, the author is, at any rate, giving one a volume which has the unity of a literary work, but in other cases he is, as it were, flinging his republished wares at the public in the manner of a man throwing cake-crumbs to ducks in a pond, as much from the appearance of the thing as from any desire to feed poor dumb creatures. Sometimes, however, an author's collection of short stories possesses a unity of interest not altogether designed. It is, for instance, perfectly easy, on reading Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's volume, labelled *Nature's Vagabond*, to see that the author's outlook on things is essentially a superior one. He likes to kick his men into the *mêlée* of life *viâ* the 'Varsities; "blood" runs rich and blue over the Hamilton Cosmos. One is not troubled with the seamy side from this author's gold fountain-pen. But not, on this account, is it to be said that Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's types are conventional or colourless. They are, on the other hand, fresh and vigorous to an extent unusual in fiction about the upper ten. If many of the stories are slight, so that the motive in writing them has to be sought through a magnifying glass, the style is faultless. We are given good, crisp sentences free from that curse of latter-day society fiction, the "epigram." I have a distinct impression that one day Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who, *vide* our photograph, is quite a young man, will throw off from him the "society" yoke and take up some more vigorous and original phase of life and character. The "Billy Rudd" of his *Nature's Vagabond* story is so fine, so breezy, so thoroughly a son of nature—"Bohemian" used to be the word prior to its modern misuse—that he stands out large in the memory. The hand that drew him can do something more vigorous than the general run of the *dilettanti* of drawing-room fiction.

*Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

**Mr. Cosmo Hamilton**

The clever novelist, playwright, and dialoguist, who has lately published *Nature's Vagabond* (Chatto and Windus)

Miss Beatrice Harraden might have had in her mind's eye a nice little comedy playlet when she schemed *The Scholar's Daughter* (Methuen). For the central idea is distinctly fitted for stage, rather than novel, treatment. The heroine, Geraldine Grant, has been brought up in the atmosphere of an "epoch-making dictionary," upon which her father, and three trusted but dreary assistants, have been engaged for the greater part of twenty years. Among other genial influences lacking to Geraldine's life is a mother, who is reputed to have died twenty years since. The *motif* of the story is that she is not deceased but divorced, but that the stern father has decided to keep the knowledge from his daughter. She is, of course, disillusioned. The quiet of Yew House, where the dictionary is being compiled, is broken by the arrival of a young, handsome stranger, one Harold Warwick. He announces the death of an old Colonial crony of Professor Grant, who has left a legacy to himself and his "beautiful young wife." This, of course, arouses Geraldine's curiosity. Having fallen in love with Warwick, she begins to inquire whether her mother is really quite dead. Then appears at Yew House Miss Charlotta Selbourne, famous actress, pretending to wish to examine the interior of the House, who turns out to be Geraldine's mother—her prodigal mother come home. Scenes, melting of Professor's icy heart, forgiveness, and restitutions. The book makes nice, light reading for boat, bower, or hay-stack. It does not advance the reputation of the author of *Ships That Pass in the Night*, for though her theme is a theatrical one, she fails to paint her characters realistically. Thus, to convey to us that Geraldine is a gay, light-hearted girl, everybody in the story, from an aged Professor to the cook, has to announce the fact; and we learn that Warwick is a good-looking fellow only because everybody in the book tells everybody else that he is. It is this lack of good characterisation which makes

*The Scholar's Daughter* a weak example of Miss Harraden's art, and in poor comparison with her previous work.

The new edition, just published, of *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* should find its way on to the bookshelf—one will be sufficient—of every lover of literature. For the fact that Mrs. Beeton—that treasure of a woman—is known more or less, as something to be turned up in emergencies by young housewives in hurries, does not detract from her magnificent position as an author. Supposing there were nothing else in "Mrs. Beeton" but 4,000 cookery recipes. Imagine yourself, reader, called on to write *one* of these. To give, at once, a correct and adequate direction for, say, stuffed ox-cheek, or a Maraschino Mousse, in about one inch of type, using not one superfluous phrase, but, at the same time, impressing the subtlety and beauty of the idea on your reader! But recipe-writing is *not* Mrs. Beeton's staple. In her opening pages, before she even hints at such a place as a kitchen, she writes in a beautiful vein of such abstractions as early rising, frugality and economy, the choice of friends, daily duties, etc. It is only after these Emersonian homilies that we enter the Beeton track, as it were, in two paragraphs, headed the "washing of dishes" and "the sink." Of the versatility of Mrs. Beeton, the breadth of her outlook, it is, perhaps, only necessary to say that she has dishes of every nation and known style. If a German is at your house, you can learn to make him a *Gehirnschnitten*, or ask him to take a little "*suppe mit schinken klæschen*." For a Spaniard, what is the matter with an *Estofado* or a *Tortas de Hueno?* But enough of this miserable attempt to do justice to Mrs. Beeton. I intend to keep her massive creation in a very handy corner of my room for serious reading, and woe betide any servant who dares to peep into it until I have extracted from it my pound of literary and poetic flesh

V. C.

**Tolstoy ploughing in the fields**

The great Russian thinker's new work, "The End of the Age," is shortly to appear

(*From a painting in the Tretrakoff Gallery, Moscow*)

In last week's BYSTANDER we inadvertently titled a photograph, obviously that of the Rev. Silas Hocking, "Mr. Joseph Hocking." We trust the two authors themselves, together with other admirers of their works, will pardon us the confusion between the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Nonconformist fireside fiction, for both of whom we have the gravest respect.

# *A Bookman's Gossip*

**Lord Lovelace and the Murrays**

When a literary feud is begun by an attack in a book costing £3 10*s.*, and carried on by a defence in a half-crown monthly, it stands in need of some cheapening, so to speak, if it is to become a matter of wide public interest. Left as it stands, it would resemble a battle of monsters low in the depths of ocean, of which scarce a ripple gave token at the surface. Really it is a very pretty quarrel. The facts are these. Lord Lovelace, Lord Byron's grandson, who was long known to the present Mr. John Murray and his father, and was deeply interested in the Byroniana collected by Messrs. Murray, consented to be put forward as editor of the great edition of Byron which that house first announced in 1896; its hand being forced earlier than it had intended by the beginning of a rival edition under the late W. E. Henley's editorship. Lord Lovelace was interested in the work, overlooked the preliminary business, even wrote a preface, and gave general promises of assistance. But in 1898 he began to show a strange backwardness about his connection with the work, which by the end of 1899 had ripened into a resolute refusal to touch the thing, a command to suspend the printing of all material supplied by Lord Lovelace, and a reference of Mr. Murray to his solicitors if he desired to correspond further with his lordship.

**"Astarte"**

Absolutely no explanation of all this was forthcoming, according to Mr. Murray. And now Lord Lovelace has given "Astarte" to the world (for £3 10*s.*), in which he allows himself the luxury of a really remarkable revel of abusive language, the bulk of it directed against the grandfather and father of Mr. Murray, some of it against Mr. Murray himself. Mr. Murray the first is always referred to as "One-eyed Murray." He is called "a tradesman"; "slippery, oily, and maleficent"; a "criminal"; he is referred to as "a sort of by-word for affectation, cant, hollow professions, trimming, fickleness, and effeminate imbecility." These are merely samples. Mr. Murray the second comes off not much better. The Mr. Murray of to-day

is treated in a style less vituperative; but the version of his own connection with the Murray house and with its Byronian work given by Lord Lovelace is what has "drawn" Mr. Murray, who devotes the latter part of his article to a point-by-point refutation of statements made by his lordship. The article is couched in language as remarkable for moderation as Lord Lovelace's invective is for extravagance. Not that this proves anything as to the facts; but so far as manners go the honours do not rest with the peer.

**Why?**

What can be the cause of irritation underlying all this hard language against three generations of the Murrays? What explains the sudden change of attitude towards a family with which Lord Lovelace's relations had hitherto been amiable and even, as Mr. Murray shows, something more? Why this volcanic rupture of an "hereditary friendship," as Lord Lovelace himself called it on one occasion? Mr. Murray finds no key to the mystery, and if he cannot, only Lord Lovelace, presumably, can. In any case, nothing could justify anyone in using the kind of language that Lord Lovelace has permitted himself.

*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**Mr. John Murray**

Who has made a spirited defence in *The Monthly Review* of the founders of the firm of John Murray, attacked violently by Lord Lovelace in connection with the Byron letters

**The "Old Boys" Movement**

There ought, surely, to be a name for the new fashion in literature that deals with public-school life from the grown-up point of view. I suggest that it be called the Old Boys Movement. Mr. Vachell's book about Harrow started it last year. Mr. Portman's followed it up. It has a close connection with that remarkable book on education called "Let Youth But Know," which I wrote about lately; and the much—and properly—abused story of Oxford life called "Nigel Thomson" is an offshoot of it. Now there is another, "The Bending of a Twig," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall publish for Mr. Desmond Coke. This book carries the thing a step farther by openly naming Shrewsbury as the school concerned, and being illustrated entirely by photographs of that establishment, which Mr. Coke treats in a spirit of critical affection. Lycidas Marsh is first introduced as a new boy, with ideas of school derived from certain school stories for boys which Mr. Coke thinks it worth while to satirise. We leave him a monitor at the end of his last term. Mr. Coke's best work is his treatment of a temperamental enmity between Marsh and his rival, Russell, one of those enmities which mean so much in the small and confined world of school.

**Tolstoy**

"The End of the Age" is the title of the new Tolstoy book announced as about to appear immediately. Its subject, it may be surmised, is the Russian revolution in the midst of which, in its lulls and in its paroxysms, the great Moujik lives calmly on. Himself one of the greatest of the iconoclastic forces of the world's history, he has never viewed the Russian revolutionary movement of to-day with any enthusiasm. What the world wants, in his view, is not political changes, but spiritual ones. It is more important to be good than to be free, he holds; and the better people are, the less will they withhold freedom from one another. It is a gospel for which the world is scarcely ripe, and I fear that the human in man will always pass this prophet by. But the grandeur, and purity, and simplicity of the Tolstoyan teaching will not have been without its effect, impossible though it has become in the later years.

**Women**

A really portentous undertaking, which should fill the soul of all feminist agitators with an abiding joy, is announced by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co. They intend to publish a "Biographical Bibliography" of (as I gather) all the famous women known to history, beginning (I suppose) with Eve, and ending with (say) Lady Warwick. Seriously, the undertaking is a large and an interesting one. A biographic note on each of the personalities treated, with references to all the literature bearing upon her biography, is the idea of the work. One trembles to think of some of the handfuls with which the enterprising compilers will have to deal. Think of a bibliography of Mary Queen of Scots! Or of Joan of Arc! But the idea is a most useful one, and to be welcomed as characteristic of a time that seems to be devoting even more and more attention to the part played by women in the making of the world. Only a week or two ago, in these notes, I was running through a list, from memory, of the important books about women which appeared in 1905. Since then I have been making the acquaintance of Mrs. Stuart Erskine's "Beautiful Women in Art and History," with Mr. Hyatt's fine gallery of engravings. Certainly this sex is looking up.

ECB

# Golf Notes and Notions

### Golf at Public Schools

An enterprising daily contemporary of ours has lately gone into the subject of golf at public schools, and has addressed an inquiry about it to the head-masters of a good many of the great schools. The answers received have not been very flattering to the lovers of golf, which is evidently still considered as a sort of ugly duckling among games for boys. At best, golf is looked upon by them as a *pis aller*, and the idea that it could possibly be considered in the same light as cricket or football is not entertained for a moment. When we come to the root of the matter, however, we shall at once see that golf at public schools is in the same sort of category as snakes in Iceland, for the excellent reason that hardly any of the schools have got links within their boundaries. This is why so many of the head-masters reply that "golf is not recognised as a school game." It would require special leave to enable boys to play a game which necessitated their going to a course outside the limits of the school playing fields, and it is hardly to be expected that the members of any golf club with a course near enough to a school to make play by the boys feasible would welcome an influx of young barbarians on to their sacred links. The question of golf at public schools, therefore, hardly comes within the domain of practical school politics, and is somewhat otiose. But as I have in a former article expressed the view that golf is an admirable game for boys from every point of view, I am impelled to go into the matter and to examine the question.

### Head-masters Disagree

I was much struck by two answers, which show such a radical difference of opinion on the part of two head-masters as to convince me that golf as a game is not really understood even by some people who profess to play it. The answer which pleased me best came from Mr. Tristram, the head of Loretto, who stated that "the links are just at our gates, and so golf has been played regularly by our boys ever since the school was started. It is, however, never allowed to interfere with the regular school games, and in the summer those who are keen on cricket find it advisable not to play. But all through the winter we find it a most admirable form of exercise for boys who are unable to play football." This exactly coincides with the views I expressed in my former article, and shows that golf, as a game, to put the matter at its lowest basis, is not detrimental to boys Contrast Mr. Tristram's views with those of my old friend, Mr. S. R. James, the head of Malvern. Mr. James goes out of his way to give golf a buffet, for, after saying that it cannot be considered in any sense a regular school game, he adds, "nor do I think that it is desirable as a school game, lacking as it does, many of the elements which make cricket, football, etc., valuable educationally." Then, as a sort of solatium to golfers, he proceeds, "golf is a splendid resource for boys in the holidays." This is such a charming touch that comment would be superfluous. But, like the little girl in *Punch*, who asked her father what sort of an animal it was that she saw in a field, and on his answering "a cow," petrified him with the further query "why?" I should like to hear from Mr. James why he considers golf inferior from an educational point of view to cricket or football?

### Stock Argument Against Golf

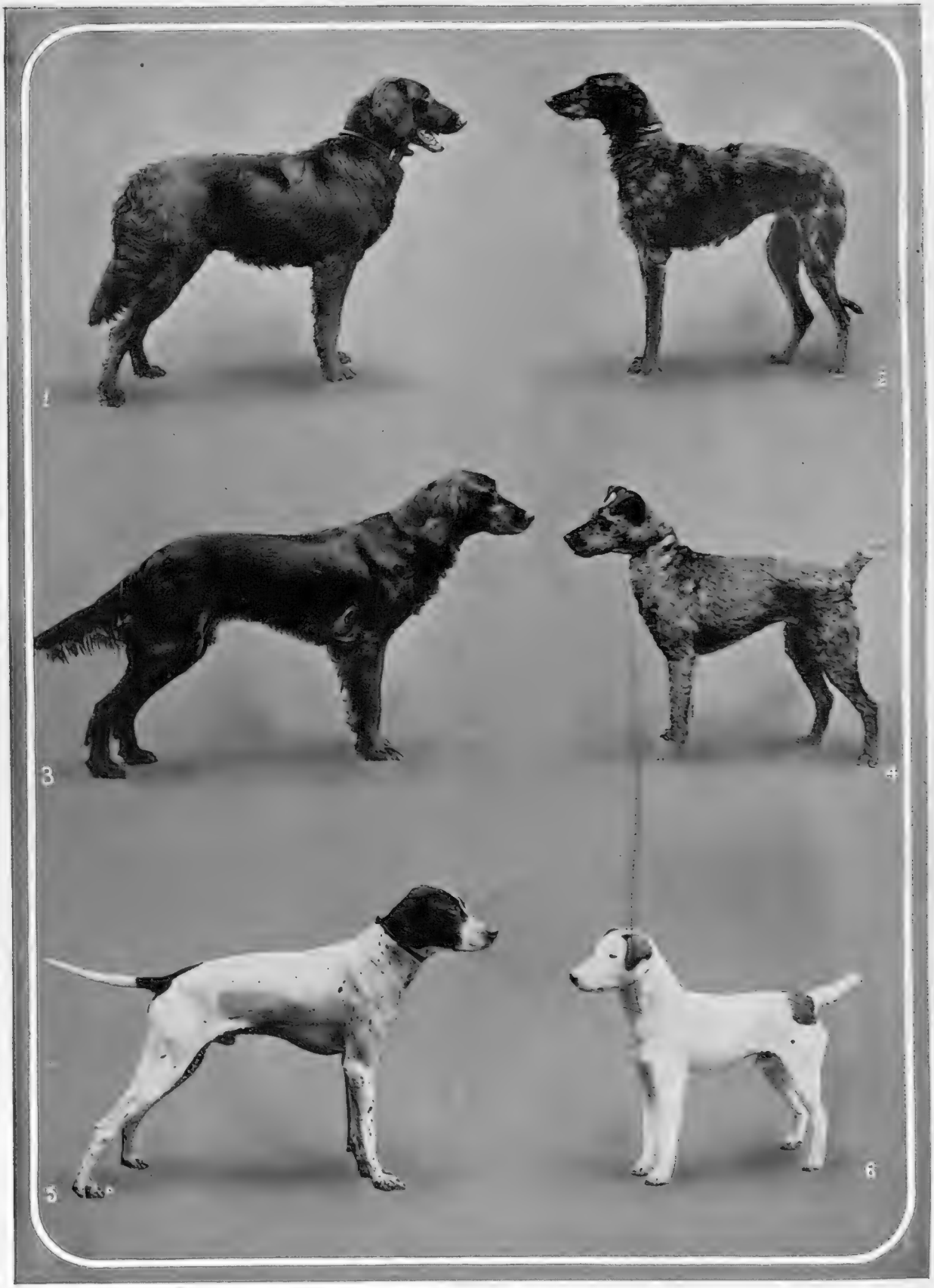
I am perfectly certain he would consider me pulverised by the word "selfish." That is the stock argument against golf, that it is a selfish game. Well, a great many games are selfish. If golf is selfish, then racquets or fives are equally abominable from that point of view. Most boys' games are selfish at bottom, in so far as the desire for personal distinction may be considered selfish. The Eton game of football is a distinctly individual game, the rules making impossible that element of combination which is the soul of all good Association football. Yet I have never heard anyone, who has seen it played, say that Eton football was not a magnificent game for boys, preferable indeed for boys for the very reason that it incited the spirit of individual emulation in a greater degree than Association football. But I do not wish to put golf into competition with cricket or football, both magnificent games for boys. But what I do say is this, that in no conceivable point can golf be fairly described as lacking any of the elements requisite for a fine game for boys. Played in foursomes it is in no wise a selfish game, that form of golf calling for great combination, unselfishness, and self control. Played in singles, at a fast pace, such as boys delight in, it is a magnificent form of exercise. It has this further quality, in common with football, that it is impossible for a boy who cares for golf to loaf at it. At cricket he may conceivably have to sit for a whole afternoon watching his side piling up a long score, but at golf he is always in and always doing something, whether well or badly, still taking interesting exercise.

### Golf Useful to Boys Leaving School

There is also another consideration, though it does not affect the argument for golf in principle. It is becoming more and more the fashion for owners of country houses to lay out private courses on their estate for the amusement of themselves and their guests. Country house golf parties are becoming more common than even cricket house-parties. Boys who learn golf at school are not likely to relinquish the game, and will find in later life that proficiency at golf is almost as much a *sine quâ non* for invitations to house-parties as even the fiendishly delightful game of bridge.

Ernest Lehmann

# Prizewinners at Cruft's



(1) "Dye of Riverside": Retrievers Flat-coated)
1st Prize and Champion. Mr. H. R. Cooke

(2) "Lady Joan": Deerhounds
1st Prize and Champion. Mr. E. E. Salter

(3) "Cabra Olive": Irish Setters
1st Prize and Champion. Mr. J. W. Judd

(4) "Beeston Betty": Irish Terriers
1st Prize and Champion. Mr. J. Collis Walker

(5) "Lunesdale George": Pointers
1st Prize and Champion. Mrs. Horner

(6) "Doncaster Dodger": Fox Terriers (Smooth)
1st Prize and Champion. Mrs. B. Edwards

*Notes on Cruft's Dog Show will be found on page 360*

# The Inter-'Varsity Sports

## SNAP-SHOTS OF THE PROBABLE STRINGS AT FENNERS'

**W. H. Hope Jones (King's)**
Probable first and second string

**K. Powell (King's)**
First and second string for the Hurdles

**J. H. Teall (Sidney)**
One of the hurdlers, who is a first and second string

**R. P. Crabbe (Corpus)**
Ran last year in sports. Probable first string for Half Mile

**A. R. Welsh (Trinity). One mile**
Secretary of the C.U.A.C.

**S. Abrahams (Emmanuel) and A. R. Welsh (Trinity)**
The former won the Long Jump of Emmanuel College, and is a probable selection for the Hundred Yards

# Practice for the Boat Race

**The Light Blue Eight snapshotted on the Cam**

It will be seen that the positions are reversed throughout the boat, stroke setting the time from bowside. The following are the names of the crew and their colleges:—G. D. Cochrane (Third Trinity), bow; G. H. F. Benham (Jesus), H. M. Goldsmith (Jesus), M. Donaldson (First Trinity), B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity), R. V. Powell (Third Trinity), E. W. Powell (Third Trinity), D. C. R. Stuart (Trinity Hall), stroke; R. Allcard (Third Trinity), cox.

# Games and Pastimes

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

**Oxford v. Cambridge at Queen's**

But for two things the Soccer match at Queen's on Saturday would have been one of the best ever played between the 'Varsities. The first of these was, of course, the vile weather and the state of the ground—it was wonderful how good the play was in the circumstances—and the second was the disablement of Norris, which handicapped Oxford badly. When this occurred (before half-time) the score was 1-all, and Oxford were having the best of it, but the accident weakened both their defence and their attack, for Snell, who went back, was, of course, not the equal of Norris, though he played well enough and worked hard, while his absence from the forward line meant that many chances in the centre went begging. Howell Jones, too, was twice temporarily knocked out, and Cranstoun, in running out to save, received a severe blow on the head early in the game, so that the bad luck inclined rather heavily to the one side. But it would be unjust to attribute Cambridge's victory by 3—1 solely to this, for they were a good all-round team, without any conspicuous weakness anywhere. The feature of the match was the fine play of the Oxford halves, of whom Hunt had perhaps the hardest job in marking Wright; but all the three were exceptionally good. Another noticeable thing was Taylor's goal-keeping; he saved several shots which would have beaten many a man. Cranstoun, on the other hand, never really knew what he was doing after his injury. Page somewhat marred a good exhibition of back play by his fondness for "finding touch" when there seemed to be no particular need for it.

**England v. Ireland at Belfast**

In Belfast, on Saturday afternoon, the weather was fine, but the ground was in a very squashy condition. England won, as was expected, but hardly so easily as the score (5—0) indicates, for if Ashcroft had not been in tremendous form in goal, Ireland would have scored two or three times. The two English amateur forwards, S. S. Harris and S. H. Day, did not take at all kindly to the mud at first, but they were all right in the second half, and each scored a goal. Bond was good on the wing, but Brown did not shine in the centre, while Crompton was about the best of the backs.

**'Varsity Rugger**

Both the 'Varsity Rugger teams went down on Saturday. At Blackheath, the game, in spite of the wretched conditions, was a good one, and the Blackheath backs showed capital combination, Coopper and Anderson being both at their best. Cambridge, on the other hand, without the McLeods, were not strong behind, and, if it had not been for Scoular's fine defence, they would have been beaten even more decisively than by 1 goal and 3 tries to 1 goal. At Northampton, Oxford, after a hard game in which good defence was shown by both sides, were beaten by the local team by 2 tries to 1.

**The Crews**

Contrary to what seemed likely a fortnight ago, the Cambridge eight appears to have shaken together first, for the alterations that were then made have been stuck to. Oxford, on the other hand, were temporarily disorganised by Bailey's accident, and the rival claims of Robinson and Gladstone for the berth at seven are difficult to decide upon. However, there is plenty of time yet before April 7, and the main difficulty for both crews in the future will be that of keeping fit and avoiding staleness. In our illustration of the Cambridge crew it will be observed that stroke rows on the starboard side. This plan was adopted when R. V. Powell took the stroke oar, and it was adhered to when Stuart came from two to stroke and Powell went to six.

**Lacrosse and Hockey**

The superiority of Northern over Southern lacrosse, particularly in attacking power, was again demonstrated on Saturday by the decisive victory of Lancashire over Kent in the County Championship final at Lords, where the visitors, in spite of the slippery ground, managed to put on 11 goals to Kent's 2; while at Oxford, Cheshire beat the University almost as easily by 10—3, although Oxford made a good fight of it up to half-time. Ireland beat Wales quite comfortably at Hockey (8—0), but here again the play during the first half was fairly even, Ireland only getting through once. At Bromley, the South beat the Midlands by 5—1 after a game which was robbed of a good deal of its interest by the vile machinations of Jupiter Pluvius. This time the winners did all their scoring in the first half, four of the five goals falling to Jordan, who was in fine form.

**Polo in India**

The Calcutta Polo Tournament was very successful this year, no fewer than eleven teams competing, including that well-known polo corps the 15th Hussars, who have won the Indian Inter-Regimental the last four years in succession. Although the 15th were represented by their full team of Captains Courage, Barrett, Livingstone-Learmouth, and the Hon. J. T. D. Bingham, they had to lower their colours in the final to the Golcondas, a famous team of natives who are champions of Southern India; the latter won by 3 goals to 2. The Challenge Cup, which was originally given by the brothers Ezra, players well known on London grounds, and was won last year by the 4th Hussars—now in South Africa—was presented to the Golcondas by Lord Minto, four of whose staff took part in the tournament as a Viceregal team. The 9th Lancers, the 1st Royal Dragoons, and the 17th Lancers, also entered, but the last-named were, unfortunately, obliged to scratch. In the South of India the Madras tournament has been won by the 13th Hussars, who were so often in the final of the soldiers' championship at Hurlingham in the 'nineties; while the 12th Lancers were successful in the Punjab tournament.

# THE PLAYHOUSES

## MUDDLING MANAGERS AND MONOPOLIST PHOTOGRAPHERS

We have heard much of late in the Press of the woes of theatrical managers. They have let us into their business confidence, and given us figures to prove how unprofitable is the game of running a theatre. This is all very sad, and I, for one, have been deeply sympathetic. At the same time, the unburdening of oppressive secrets carries with it a penalty. The penitent, in return for the relief of confession, has to submit cheerfully to counsel upon his future conduct.

Theatre managers, therefore, will not take it ill, I hope, if I point out to them, as gently and considerately as possible, a cardinal fault in the conduct of their business. The question—an important one—is the manner in which photographs of plays and players are placed in the weekly illustrated Press for publication. The state of affairs which I am going to describe discloses a monopoly, and monopolies, as we learned from the painful experience of Charles I., are bad.

*Photo* *Lallie Charles*

**Miss Hazel Thompson**

Who is playing in *The Voysey Inheritance*, at the Court Theatre

### The Monopoly System

It is the custom of some theatres to sell to a single firm of photographers the rights of photographing all plays produced in their theatre. The photographer gets his money back, and whatever surplus he can, by selling pictures of the scenes to the illustrated Press; with the picture postcard business, another source of revenue to the photographer, I am not concerned. With the manner in which these photographs of the play are placed the theatre manager does not trouble his head. He has received what he considers a good fat fee merely for allowing a photographer to take pictures of his play; he sees some reproductions of the scenes in the illustrated papers; and thinking that he has received something for nothing, he wears a seraphic smile. To a certain extent his smiles are justified. He does receive something for nothing, but I will show you that the something might be doubled and trebled in value, if, instead of giving nothing as before, he expended a small something. In other words, it would pay him to pay the photographer rather than be paid by him. This sounds so anomalous that I must hasten the explanation. In the first place, if instead of the monopoly there were free trade in the matter of photographing his play, that is to say, if his theatre were at the disposal of any photographer who liked to come along, there would be set up a healthy competition which would have a beneficial effect both upon the quality of the pictures and the *time of their delivery to the illustrated Press*. The importance of the last clause must excuse the italics.

### Awaiting the Convenience of the Photographer

For the dilatory tactics of the monopolists goes far to discount the value of the advertisement obtained by the publication of scenes of the play in an illustrated paper. Why? Because at the very time the editor wants the photographs, viz., the week of the production in the majority of cases, he is unable to obtain them. "They are not ready," or "the manager has not passed them," he is told. The editor has to wait the convenience of the monopolist photographer. What is the result? Why, when the photographs are ready (in some cases weeks after the first production of the play), their value is practically gone, and instead of, perhaps, making a supplement of the whole play in a series of scenes, the editor takes one picture as an illustration to his theatre pages. The loss to the manager is easily reckoned. There is no need to insist upon the value of a page illustration of a play in a weekly illustrated paper. It may be reckoned upon the scale of advertisements. In a paper—such as THE BYSTANDER—which asks and obtains £20 per page for a general advertisement, the value to the manager of a page illustration of his play is certainly £20. The fact that the manager is sufficiently fortunate to have a class of goods to advertise so interesting to the public that editors are pleased to publish pictures and notices without any payment, does not in any way lessen the fact that the publication of them is an advertisement nor discount its value. On a £20 a page scale, the difference to the manager between the publication of one page and five pages of his play is the difference between £20 and £100. The monopolist photographer, by his dilatory methods, is causing a loss to the manager of £80 worth of advertisement.

### A Lesson from the Variety Managers

That the system of paying photographers instead of being paid by them is a practical one, may be proved by the fact that it has long been adopted by certain managers of variety houses, and if it had proved abortive would long since have been dropped. The managers at the Coliseum, the Hippodrome, the Palace, and the Alhambra, instead of accepting money from a photographer, who has plenty of

other branches of his business—Society, postcard work, etc.—to attend to, pay a photographer to keep strictly to the business of taking photographs of the special features in their programmes. The result is that, instead of the photographs dribbling into the offices of newspapers weeks late, they are delivered on the nail, never more than a day or so after the first appearance of the novelty.

Furthermore, the photographers employed by these variety houses are able to supply the weeklies with photographs free of charge. They do not lose by the transaction, because they are paid by the management. You, reader, smell a rat. The purport of this diatribe upon muddling theatre managers and monopolist photographers is to advocate a system which will lessen the editorial expenses? By no means. I am not denying the advantage of being "presented free gratis and for nothing," as the tautological Press agent hath it, with a fine photograph of a theatrical feature which is of interest to the public. I am only explaining the system in order to show the real value to the manager of the production of his wares in the Press. I am quite content to pay the usual fees for photographs, if I can be provided with what my readers want. But when I cannot get hold of them at the time I need them, and after worrying round for them, find them very poor in quality, I am inclined to reject them. Inferior goods and delay are the natural results of the monopoly system in photography as elsewhere. Let managers put their theatres into the open market, and they will find that for one photograph published under the old system, five will be published under the new. Let them forego their fee, which is, in reality, but a beggarly dole, from one firm of photographers, and they will be gaining hundreds of pounds' value in advertisement.

## Where Shall We Go To-night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

Drury Lane, at 1.30 and 7.30: *Cinderella.* — The Reform Pantomime is going very strong.

His Majesty's, at 8: *Nero.*—Do not miss the green marble columns. They will remain in your mind when the author's verse has evaporated.

Haymarket, at 8.30: *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury.*—Mr. Charles Hawtrey is as amusing when trying to make up his mind as when telling untruths.

Garrick, at 8.45: *Brother Officers.*—A capital military play, revised and revived.

Adelphi, at 8.15: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—The pit and gallery queues an argument against Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's contention that the English public is given over to "tomfoolery."

St. James's, at 8 sharp: *His House in Order.*—Commonly referred to as Pinero's masterpiece. Mr. Alexander is a stickler for punctuality, hence the "sharp."

Wyndham's, at 8.55: *Captain Drew on Leave.*—A comfortable hour to go and see a mildly entertaining play.

New, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson have struck a winner.

Criterion, at 9: *The Little Stranger.*—*The Times* and the *Daily Mail* represent the poles of opinion. It is all a matter of temperament. The eccentricities of Master Edward Garratt will cause boredom to some, find favour with others.

Court, at 8.15: *The Voysey Inheritance.*—Quite clever.

Duke of York's, at 2 and 8: *Peter Pan.*—Renews one's youth.

New Royalty (Theatre Francais), at 8.15.—Always worth a visit.

Terry's, at 8.30: *The Heroic Stubbs.*—The Shop Girls thought it excellent.

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Harlequin King.*—Mr. Lewis Waller in a most suitable romantic play.

Musical pieces at Daly's, Apollo, Lyric, Prince of Wales's, Gaiety, and Vaudeville.—Take them in order.

*Photo]* **Miss Millie Legarde at the Palace: "How'd you like to come and spoon with me?"** *[Campbell-Gray*

Great amusement is caused by this song, the three verses of which are directed in turn at the boxes, the stalls, and the gallery with varying results. The occupant of the box smiles amiably, the stall-holder, overcome with confusion, seizes his opera-hat and leaves the theatre, while the galleryite expresses his willingness to come and spoon with the singer in terms there is no mistaking

# FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Viewing with a critical eye the vista of fashion that is gradually unfolding itself, I am much impressed by the richness of the opportunities for sympathetic dressing By sympathetic dressing, I mean dressing in harmony with the individuality of the wearer. There is such abundant variety of choice, and so many styles of entirely opposed character, that the procedure, which I invariably call prospecting, promises to be of a far more serious order than ordinarily. What will be the case of the chaotic mind one trembles to think, the mind that veers about like a weathercock in a gale, and is wholly incompetent to arrive at any decision under the most favourable circumstances. The fate of these will be sad indeed, for, with the exception of the figure revival, there is really no definite line upon which to run. And even the waist sinks into a slight obscurity again under the influence of the Empire.

### The Persistent Parisian

My own private opinion with regard to the Empire gown is that popular taste over here will relegate it wholly and solely to the realms of picturesque evening-frocks and teagowns. A few of our extreme *élégantes* may essay it for visiting attire in fine *souple* cloths, but for the "general" it will remain, as ever, caviare. In Paris, nevertheless, the claims made by this cut are insistent, the day-gowns surmounted by one of those quaint, rather trying, short semi-sacques, or an exceedingly brief bolero.

Succumbing before this Parisian decree—I confess to a weakness not wholly shared by my country women for fashion laws promulgated in the gay capital—I am allotting the pictorial portion of this page to a faithful display of the fancy that is told in a pastel shade of orchid cloth, with bolero of panne in a deep rich shade of purple, the front thrown back with little revers of white moiré embroidered in delicate colourings.

### The Brief Bolero

Apart, however, from its personal claims to the gown illustrated, that brief bolero is interesting as one of the few really crystallised modes in possession. As an accompaniment to the corselet skirt, there is already something more than a suspicion of ubiquity.

**Empire visiting toilette**

*(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)*

In all recognised circles it represents the suit of the hour, and *couturières* are bringing to bear on

its evolution the whole weight of their experienced knowledge.

Here are just a few instances that have come directly under my ken. One carried through in navy blue serge boasted facings of cornflower blue cloth and tiny half-vest stitched narrow gold and dark blue braids. Another was the very smartest visiting toilette of mauve chiffon velvet, the bolero curtailed in length so as to afford an appreciable view of a dainty slip of mauve chiffon. And yet a third, destined for the Riviera, was of white frieze, relieved by touches of palest blue cloth, and worn with the sweetest lawn and lace shirt.

I very particularly admire, too, the corselet skirt that is completed by crossed braces, the latter lending themselves to a very host of delightful and original embroidery *motifs*. And this idea, by the way, is proving simply invaluable in the case of mourning attire.

**An Unexpected Revival**

The millinery world is already agog with excitement, and scarcely a day passes but some fresh novelty is put forward to attract and further distract the eye. Never a spring dawns but some catch model claims first place, and this year that covetable position has been secured by a certain modified mushroom shape. This will probably labour under many elaborated titles, but a mushroom serves all practical description. The brim is decidedly smaller than of yore, but the outline is precisely the same, the crown also following the old familiar lines. But where similarity ceases is in the poise, which, according to taste and feeling, takes on a forward or side tilt. Every imaginable colour in straw is already masquerading under this decree, but myself, I find a particular charm in one that is gold coloured to which silk roses are shaded, and black velvet loops beneath the brim, tilt the whole to a *chic* angle, and add a particular *cachet*.

On many of the advanced spring models great clusters of lilac occur, usually arranged quite in front, and in the most natural fashion. A favourite colour is a delicate *cigare* shade in manilla and panama, a very pale shade of which is called castor oil. The latter, I may say at once, is infinitely more pleasing than it sounds, and creates a background of exceptionally amiable character, as may be judged from the fact that it is contrasted with pale pink, mauve, blue, and soft reseda tones.

Perhaps some of the most enchanting schemes of colour are those of mauve toning to pink. A dark purple chip toque, for example, carried one huge pink rose at the left side, which held an osprey of the palest shade of lavender. Ruches, again, are prepared to make a big bid for favour, and are especially novel in a sort of horsehair ribbon. A full dark blue tulle ruche was delightful in a more or less flop shape of blue chip, to which a real Riviera cluster of white, pink, and mauve flowers added an attractively seasonable note.

At present, I find little to praise in the hard round bowler crowns that are effected in satin, straw, and, last but by no means least, chamois leather and suéde. These are, to my thinking, quite the least attractive, and consequently most doubtful of all the tentative early spring ventures.

## THE MENU

### A SUPPER AFTER THE THEATRE

Although it is mostly the fashion nowadays to invite one's friends to sup at a restaurant, there are some people living at a reasonable distance from the theatre who prefer to have a cosy meal in their own home, and to those my menu this week, I hope, may be of use.

Clear Soup (Served in Cups)
Scalloped Oysters
Kidneys with Tomatoes (can be cooked on a Chafing Dish)
Chicken Salad à la Carlton
Chocolate Cream Welsh Rarebit

**Scalloped Oysters**

Open and beard a dozen oysters, and scald them for a second in their own liquor. Make a white sauce, into which some oyster liquor is poured, a pinch of cayenne, a saltspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a squeeze of lemon. Boil this until it is cooked. Put the oysters in the scallop shells, pour the white sauce over them, strew white breadcrumbs on the top, and place some butter in small pieces all over. Brown them and send to table very hot.

**Kidneys with Tomatoes**

Skin and slice thinly six sheep's kidneys, and season them with salt and pepper. Melt in the blazer of a chafing dish ½ oz. of butter, and fry in it a small finely minced shallot; then put in the kidneys. Stir them quickly over a full flame, sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour. Stir well until slightly browned, then add two peeled and sliced tomatoes, a small glass of sherry, and half a gill of good stock. Cook together for another five minutes, and serve with sippets of toast or celery biscuits.

**Chicken Salad à la Carlton**

Cut a cold fowl into neat pieces and mask them with a mixture made with one tablespoonful of finely minced capers, 2 oz. of cooked ham, three hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve, a little minced tarragon and chives, two sardines and one anchovy rubbed through a sieve, all stirred in mayonnaise sauce and aspic, about a tablespoonful of each. When this has set, line a border mould with aspic jelly. Ornament the chicken fillets with little strips of beetroot and cucumber arranged like trellis-work. Place the prepared fillets round the mould on a layer of aspic; add a little more aspic till the mould is full. Fill the centre with a salad composed of cucumber cut into dice and lettuce. Pour over some thick mayonnaise sauce and set the mould on ice. Garnish with watercress. If the mould is dipped in warm water it will turn out easily.

**Welsh Rarebit**

Take half a gill of milk, 3 oz. of cheese, cut into small dice, one egg, 1 oz. butter, seasoning, toasted and buttered bread. Put the milk into a chafing dish and bring it to the boil. Add the cheese, the egg (previously beaten), season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir, cooking slowly, until quite smooth, or resembling thick cream. Remove the pan from the fire, and stir in the butter; then return over the fire and re-heat. Pour the mixture over round or square slices of toasted and buttered bread, and serve quickly. The secret of this Welsh Rarebit is careful and continuous stirring, so that it is smooth and creamy.

EMILIA.

---

**Pancake Day: How to Make Pancakes**

If pancakes are to be made as delicious as they ought to be, the following ingredients must be used in making them: To ½ lb. of flour add two large teaspoonfuls of Borwick's Baking Powder—without this they cannot be well made—seasoned with a little salt. Mix these in a dry state, and add an egg beaten up with three-quarters of a pint of milk. Fry at once with butter or lard. N.B.—Tell your grocer you must have Borwick's.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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## *BOOKS RECEIVED*

### NEW FICTION

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"Terence O'Rourke." By Louis J. Vance. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"Harum Scarum." By Esmé Stuart. (Jarrold and Sons: 2*s.*)

"The Red Seal." By Morice Gerard. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.: 6*s.*)

"A Time of Terror." (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Same City." By James Blyth. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"The Girl in Waiting." By Archibald Eyre. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"My Cornish Neighbours." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Great Refusal." By Maxwell Gray. (John Long: 6*s.*)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Life of Richard Cobden." Part II. By John Morley. (Unwin: 6*d.* edition.)

"Double Dummy Bridge." By Ernest Bergholt. (Thomas de la Rue: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Christianity and the Working Classes." Edited by George Haw. (Macmillan and Co.: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Recreations of a Naturalist." By J. E. Harting. (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net.)

"Here and There." By H. G. Keene, C.I.E. (Brown, Langham and Co.: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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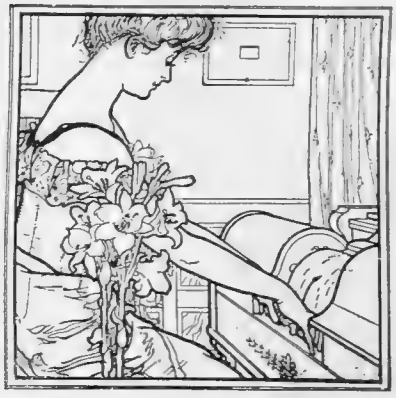

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## A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

I have always wanted to write a defence of old maids. For one thing, they are so maligned, or else slighted; for another, they are so *nice*; and for yet a third reason, they are voiceless, either incapable or unwilling when it comes to speaking for themselves. But, by old maids, I do not mean merely unmarried women "on the shelf," or new women with strenuous interests. I mean the real old maids: the old maids that *used* to be, who are still found in odd corners, especially in country places; innocent old ladies for whom impertinent youth feel a little pitying contempt and middle age treats with a mild consideration.

Now, the best of these old ladies is that they are always cheerful. I mean the *nice* ones; of course you can be objectionable whatever your place in life, if you have really set your heart upon it. But I have known scores of these old ladies; they have not had a brilliant education, and their mental outlook makes it almost impossible that they should have very varied interests or deep insight into any but the simplest questions. They are not very well off; they mostly reside in the country; their lives are apparently exceedingly monotonous—the world has changed greatly since their "young days"; and they are asked to endure a series of frequent electric shocks, from one source or another, generally through the want of manners of our youthful generation, or the wickedness of the world so freely depicted in our daily papers. It is ridiculous and intolerant to expect that they should not have their little fads; considering all things, they are wonderfully adaptable. We demand more than we shall ever get if we expect the plastic character of youth at sixty-five. And it is really pathetic to see the way our old ladies endure the modern so patiently, and even consent to it with a puzzled confidence in their favourites. And in spite of all this, they are, as I have said, cheerful and optimistic. Though the world seems to them to be tottering on the brink of ruin, they have an unshaken faith that we shall all be recalled in time to avoid a moral, social, and political suicide.

And then they are so fresh. Youths who have, compared to them, the key of the universe, think it a grand thing to be *blasé* at twenty; to walk about the world with a pitying smile for it—being, of course, the lords of creation. But while Nature laughs at her sick children who are a blot upon her smiles, she renews herself constantly in these dear old ladies, hidden away in unheard-of spots, sitting cosy by their winter firesides or in the sunshine of their tiny gardens. They have not had many things offered them, but everything is new: the songs of the birds, and the budding flowers, and their own canary making the rather distracting noise which has been their delight for years. They welcome every spring as though it had never come before, and every tiny happening with a perennial interest; their next-door neighbour popping in to tea is a greater event than the gayest assembly to the *blasé* youth of twenty. They weep for people they know and people they have never seen; they rejoice over their neighbour's good fortune as regards any news, good or bad, as the first ever told them. They triumph at a wedding as if half the world did not get married, and mourn at the funeral of the merest stranger as though all the world did not die. They are most refreshing; for some kinds of headaches and nervous complaints they are the best tonic. We cry "back to the land" when we are tired with the distractions of cities; when you get to the land, look for its old ladies, especially those that have spent their whole lives in the country—they are part of its refreshment. Of course, such a sentiment brings a chorus of disdainful voices. They are tiresome old things, out of date, ignorant, stupid. That is because you don't know them. It is not stupid to keep the heart young—try it, and you will find it most cheerful and eminently sensible.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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## BRIDGE: BY PROBLEMATICUS

### The Strength Discard

Mr. R. A. Jenkins, the winner of our last Competition, has sent me a very fine defence of the practice of discarding first from the suit you want led against a no-trump declaration. The advantages he claims for it are:—

I. That for every trick saved by a discard from weakness, at least two or three tricks are lost.

(*a*) By deceiving your partner when you have to throw from strength in order to keep other suits guarded.

(*b*) By informing your adversary in which hand a guarded honour is, and enabling him to finesse with safety.

(*c*) By being unable at the critical moment to indicate the suit in which you have the trick that saves the game.

II. The immediate discard from the suit you want led lets your partner know at once that he need not keep a guard in it.

III. By moderate players the discard from the suit you want led is grasped at once. They do not have to puzzle over what you want led, and then lead wrong.

IV. You can always make this discard; whereas you cannot always discard from weakness, owing to that necessity of keeping a guard on other suits, and you cannot often afford to make the reverse call.

V. It is nearly hopeless to play for a second suit against a no-trump call, unless you get in as third hand on your partner's suit and change to your own. Then no discard is needed.

To simplify the matter:—

(1) Since it is always an uphill fight to save the game against a no-trump call, a discard which indicates at once a lead which ensures an extra trick, or makes a king good, is of the greatest value.

(2) Not only can your partner be sure what you want led, but he can keep guard in the suits that need guarding, as long as he keeps a card or two in your suit.

(3) Your adversary knows your strong suit, and a discard from it will tell him nothing of such vital importance as the information afforded by the weak discard about which hand to finesse against.

This is certainly an excellent defence of the practice; and it rather tempts me to try again discarding from the suit I want led. However, I have yet to have my objection that it cramps your play removed. Perhaps such a further trial might remove it.

### An Interesting Declaration

A correspondent sends me the following interesting hand, and asks me what is the proper call on it:—

SCORE: Dealer, love; Adversaries, twenty-four.

♡ K, Q, 10, 7, 6
♦ A, J, 2
♣ A
♠ K, Q, 7, 6

I should call hearts, because there is not a greater chance of making three tricks in no-trumps than four in hearts, owing to that singleton ace of clubs. A strong club suit in your adversaries' hands would very likely spoil your game in no-trumps, but with a heart call it would not be particularly injurious. Moreover, if your partner has the support you need for no-trumps, it should be enough to take you out in hearts also.

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50 in. Ecru Cheviot. A speciality for Motoring; in herringbone and stripe designs, **4/9** per yard.

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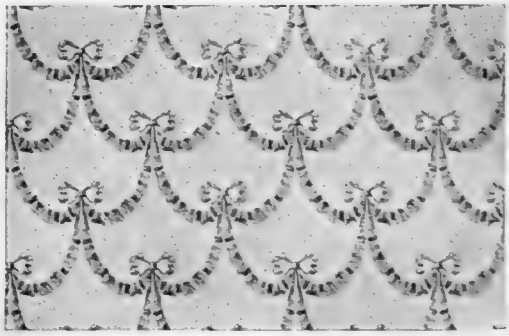

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### The Cost of Motoring

In these columns, last week, the cost of running a medium-powered car was considered. The cost of the Humber 5,000-mile trial was taken as a basis, and the chauffeur's wages, taxes, depreciation, interest, etc., added. It then appeared that if the owner of such a car kept a paid driver, he would be lucky if his motoring cost him no more than 10*d.* a mile. Various private cost-sheets relating to medium-powered cars have been shown me lately, and I am inclined to think that, as a rule, the cost is nearer 1*s.* a mile. Of course, if the car is used continuously all through the year the 5,000 miles would be exceeded, and the cost per mile would then come down. Tyres and petrol cost less than 2*d.* a mile on the Humber run, and, of course, fixed charges, such as chauffeur's wages, interest on money, etc., remain the same, however far you go in the year. The great item, of course, is the chauffeur. If he is eliminated, and the owner looks after his own car, expenses come down all round.

### Wanted a Cheap Car

Those people who are giving up their carriage and running a car instead are, of course, in such a position that they do not mind very much what the car costs per mile. Their carriage probably costs them between £200 and £400 a year, and the car will do the same. For practically the same expenditure they will get a quiet, speedy conveyance, and one that on many occasions will serve them as a railway train and carriage combined, rendering them such service that, whatever it costs, once having appreciated its advantages, they would not give it up. But if to the rich the cost of motoring matters but little, to those of but moderate means the cost per mile is of importance. There must be hundreds of people with small incomes who are considering whether they can manage to run a motor. They want something rather better and more comfortable than a cycle, something inexpensive, something that they can look after themselves.

**Earl Fitzwilliam on his Daimler**

Hunting both in Ireland and Yorkshire, Earl Fitzwilliam finds his car invaluable for supplementing the train service when hurrying to and from hunts in one country or the other

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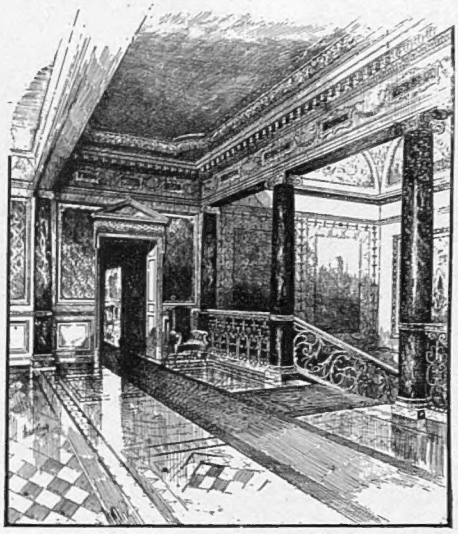

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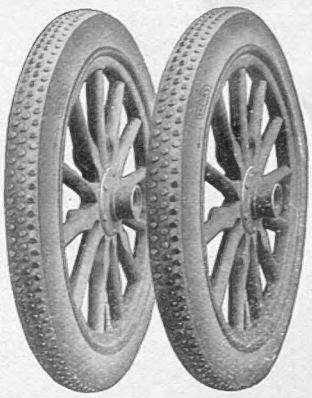

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### America the Land of the Cheap Runabout

In America the needs of this class of people has been considered. The manufacturers in the U.S A, recognising that the majority of the men who wish to motor cannot afford a chauffeur, have set to work to produce a class of two-seated runabouts of a light, inexpensive nature. These machines are standardised, manufactured by the thousand, and are produced at a low cost. They are light, cheap to run, and, priced at about £120, appeal to a large class. In the manufacturers' anxiety for cheapness and lightness, a good many badly constructed, ill-designed vehicles have been sold to the public. While the price was low the material was unsuitable, and the fitting abominable. Still, the idea was right, and it is now a question whether the Yankees will not, having bought their experience, give the public a cheap, reliable runabout. In factory organisation, in the manufacture and application of machine tools, the Americans are past masters, and one wonders why they have, up to the present, made but little headway in the motor business. The first steam cars America produced were capable of but little real work, and some of the early petrol runabouts imported into this country were no good. Latterly, however, she has been imitating European design, and from all accounts is to become a serious competitor for the world's trade. Whether American motors will go the way of American cycles remains to be seen.

*Photo* *Topical*

**M. Constantini, the inventor of the petrol road skate**

Each skate is driven by an air-cooled motor of 1½ h.-p. A belt round the skater carries the petrol tank, coil, battery, and controlling levers

### Four-Cylinders for Five Hundred Dollars

The latest thing on the market in the States is the cheap, light Ford car. This machine is propelled by a 15 h.-p. vertical four-cylinder motor. The frame is pressed steel, there are two speeds and a reverse, and on the top speed it is claimed that the car will go from four to forty miles an hour. The seating accommodation is for two, and the weight is only just over 6 cwt. Of course, a four-cylinder forty-mile-an-hour car at about £120 is a distinct novelty. By making these in large quantities it may be possible to produce them at a profit; but how a car weighing 6 cwt. will last, if driven at forty miles an hour, is a question. Whether this particular model will be satisfactory remains to be seen. Still, successful or not, the idea is right. Such a car, if its repair bill is a reasonable one, would cost very little a year. Interest and depreciation on a car at £125 are not serious. Its weight is so little that the tyres would be cheap to buy, and if it never travelled over thirty miles an hour — and I don't suppose it often would — the tyres ought to last a long time.

### The Inefficiency of the Mudguard

There is no reason why the man of reasonable intelligence should not learn to keep such a machine in order. The only thing that he would probably want done for him would be the washing. Most cars contrive to collect a deal of mud, and they want properly washing. A rub over with a greasy rag is not sufficient. Perhaps, when a large number of people have chauffeurless cars, inventors will turn their attention to the mudguard question. The present arrangements are not efficient. Mud blows from the front wheels all over the bonnet, and occasionally also, if there is a head wind, finds its way on to the front seats or into the tonneau. The mud from the driving wheels bespatters the whole of the back of the car. Many a mudguard has leather flaps, which, dragging an inch or two from the ground, are terrible dust raisers. Then, too, they should be made readily detachable. On a Napier car at Olympia, the guards were all secured with wing nuts (similar in shape to those used on tyre security-bolts), and were removable in a minute or two—a boon whenever it is necessary to repair a tyre.

Alfred C. Hunter.

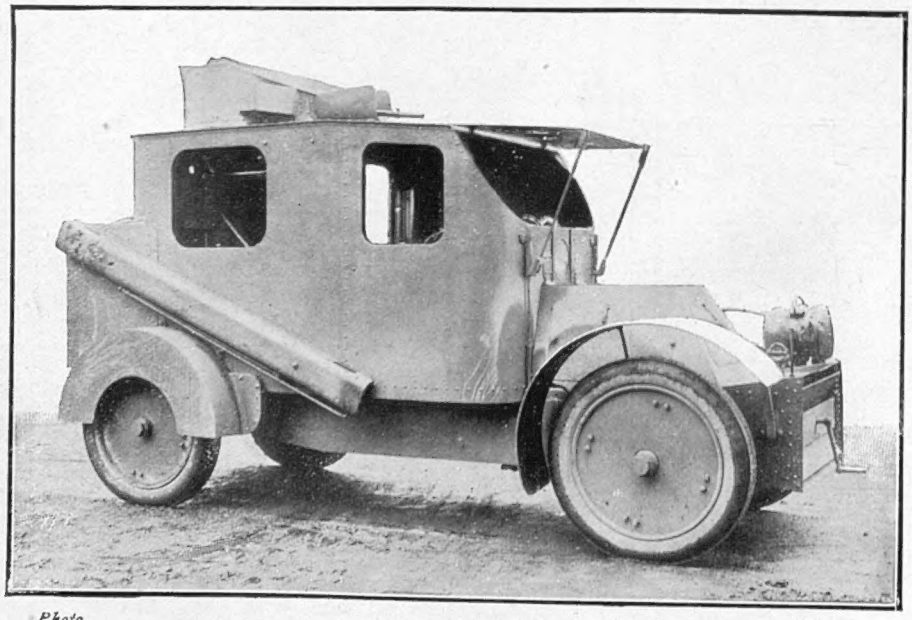


*Photo* *Topical*

**An armoured petrol car**

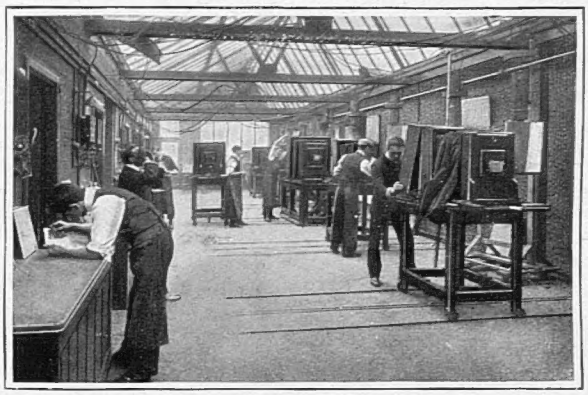
The C.G.V. Company have produced a fighting motor. By means of portable steel bridges (seen attached to the side of the car) it is hoped to traverse ditches and rough country

We are informed that Messrs. The Fabry Automobile Company have been favoured with an order for a 50-70 h.-p. Itala car from Lady St. Helier.

# ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY

## THE PERFECTION OF COLOUR PRINTING

Of all the great scientific inventions of modern times, few have attained commercial prosperity more quietly, more unnoticed by the public, than that wonder which eclipses all other wonders of photography—the reproduction of objects in the undiminished glory of their natural colours. Born to a world of colours, few of us ever stop to think of their marvels. The principle of photography—the secrets of which the sun and the chemical laboratory are masters—are more or less dimly comprehended by most persons. Steam, electricity, and other wizards of modern power and advancement have been more or less obtrusively thrust upon our notice; so, too, have coloured prints. Picture postcards, executed in all manner of colours, surround us in every stationer's shop; THE BYSTANDER has its tasteful cover; the motor agent's catalogue is resplendent with red and gold. Yet these things are more often associated with printers' ink than with photography.

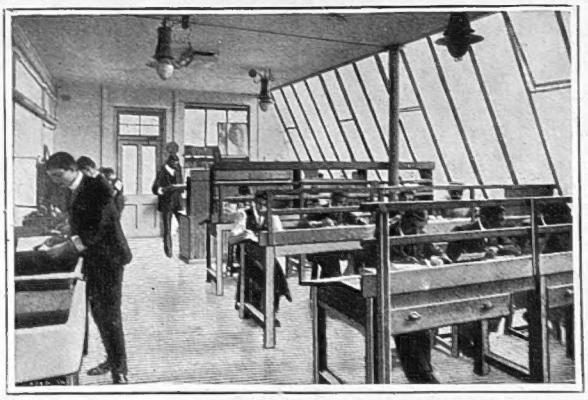


ONE OF THE MANY STUDIOS

Everyone must have seen the beautiful Hentschel colourtypes; and no one who has seen them has failed to admire them, and to wonder at the perfection they have attained. Probably, it occurs to few that the Hentschel colourtypes are "colour-photographs" in the truest meaning of the term. The original object—be it a confectioner's show-case of sweets and cakes, or a masterpiece by Velasquez—is photographed in its natural colours, and eventually reproduced with such true semblance to the original that there is not a degree of difference between the colours of the two. All the feeling, all the subtlety of light and shade a water-colour sketch, let us say, for example, may possess, all the delicacy of pigmentation and texture are retained in a Hentschel colourtype reproduction.

CARL HENTSCHEL

It may faithfully be said that to the inventive genius and business capabilities of Carl Hentschel, who was the pioneer of the craft of engraving blocks by means of the photo-mechanical process, is due the leading part in the introduction and success of the modern illustrated journal, and the modern commercial catalogue. To Carl Hentschel is due also a new and equally important craft—a craft which, in the near future, is likely to enter largely into the fields both of journalism and commerce—that of artistically reproducing, by means of photography, articles of all kinds in their natural colours. The beautiful examples of colour-printing to be found in some of the latest books on art and travel, as, for instance, the series of "Beautiful Books," published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, are the work of the Hentschel Colourtype Company. The plates in these books have been praised by the most fastidious critics. When the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours gave sixty of their members' original drawings as a Coronation present to the King, the pictures were reproduced in a sumptuous volume by Hentschel colourtype. Of his proofs, Sir L. Alma Tadema wrote: "If all the prints are as good as mine, it will, indeed, be a fine book."



ONE OF THE ARTISTS' ROOMS

For a moment, we will take the reader to the Hentschel Colourtype Works at Norwood, where the beautiful colour-photographs are taken. It is a very large works, in which hundreds of men are employed, and day and night it is a scene of constant activity, so great is the pressure of business. Yet it is about as unlike a factory as anyone can imagine. Take half a dozen enormous photographic studios, all with lofty glass roofs, an equal number of long, airy rooms, where etchers sit at desks as at a large school class, find room for a bewildering array of machinery and chemical apparatus, and the reader will have some idea of what the Hentschel Colourtype Works are like.

The principle of colour-photography is based on the theory that any known colour, or combination of colours, can be made by a blending of the three primary colours, yellow, red, and blue. The secret of success of the Hentschel process—the Hentschel works bristle with secrets—lies in the possession of the knowledge of certain chemicals, which, when used as colour filters, give colour values as correct as the prism itself. For instance, an object to be reproduced in colours is photographed three times, on three separate plates, each time through a different colour filter. The first filter used is the yellow, which admits through the camera's lens the correct proportion of yellow required, and withholds the red and the blue. In like manner, the rays of light reflected through the red or blue filters find their way to their respective plates, while the other rays are excluded. Carl Hentschel has discovered chemical filters so pure and exact in their function that they place his work far above that hitherto attempted. The Hentschel process-plate killed the wood block; the Henschel colourtype is rapidly killing the chromo-lithography.

# The Editor's Box

### National Orthopædic Hospital

The first annual Court of Governors of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1906, at four o'clock, under the presidency of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, K.G.

### Sir Charles Wyndham at Birmingham

Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and the entire London company, paid a flying visit to Birmingham on Monday, February 12, returning in time for the evening performance at Wyndham's. The Midland city fully appreciated the honour, and the Prince of Wales's Theatre was crowded. At the end of the performance such a crowd waited at the doors of the theatre to see Sir Charles and Miss Moore depart that the police had to regulate the traffic. The enthusiasm extended to the railway station, where a large mob assembled to see the departure, and the gratifying cry "Come again soon" sped the popular company on their homeward way.

### The Great Eastern Railway

It is early, but not too early, for the busy worker to think about his annual holiday. The Great Eastern Company, as a sort of reproach to those who put off things till the last moment, have just issued a handy little booklet, entitled, "About Your Annual Excursion." This illustrated guide contains full particulars of the special reduced rates for the conveyance of school and private excursion parties to the seaside, Epping Forest, etc. This booklet may be obtained free of charge on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

### Garrick Theatre

At the invitation of the head master, Mr. Arthur Bourchier will go down to Eton College and deliver a lecture, entitled "Ars Loquendi: A few words on the Gentle Art of Speaking Distinctly," in the Drill Hall, at five o'clock, on Thursday next, the 22nd inst.

### Somaliland Stamps—A Correction

We published a statement on this page last week, on the authority of the editor of the "Stamp Collector's Annual for 1906," that "British Somaliland stamps of the surcharged-on-Indian series with overprint of 'On H.M.S.' are entirely bogus." We regret that the paragraph in question is misleading. "The facts are," we learn from the solicitors of Ewen's Colonial Stamp Market, Ltd., who hold exclusively almost the whole of these official stamps which are upon the market, "that such stamps with such surcharges upon *Queen's Head* are genuine, and that only such stamps as are surcharged 'On H.M.S.' on *King's Head* are forged." We trust that any stamp dealers who may have been influenced by the statement in question will note this correction.

### Book Notes

The second volume of the Chap Books, entitled, "Essays Moral and Polite, 1660-1714," and edited by Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield, is to appear immediately. "We have given," say the editors in their introduction, "specimens of nearly every kind of prose-writing for which the age is famed"—the period between the Restoration and the death of Queen Anne; selections from such authors as Jeremy Collier and Steele being taken from their less familiar works. Among other writers represented are Evelyn, Cowley, Dryden, L'Estrange, Addison, and Berkeley. E. Grant Richards will publish shortly a new novel by Mr. James Blyth, entitled, "The Same Clay." A great part of the book deals with rustic life in East Anglia, Mr. Blyth's intimate knowledge of which has been shown in his earlier works.

Mr. Unwin is publishing a cheap edition in paper covers, at 1*s.* net, of "Political Parables," by the "*Westminster Gazette* Office Boy" (Mr. Francis Brown). He is also issuing in his "Brightwen" series a popular edition of Mr. C. A. Witchell's "Nature's Story of the Year." In future the price of the volumes in Mr. Unwin's "Library of Literary History" will be 12*s.* 6*d.* net instead of 16*s.* gross. They will thus be uniform in price with M. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People." Mr. Edgar Jepson's amusing book, "The Lady Noggs, Peeress," has met with a remarkable welcome from the Press and the public, and a second edition has been called for.

### Royalty and Roman Catholics

Father Benson is still faithful to Royalty and Roman Catholics. The central figure of his first book, "The Light Invisible," was a devout old priest; his *apologia*, "By What Authority?" dealt with Queen Elizabeth; and his last book, "The King's Achievement," had Henry VIII. for its figure-head. His forthcoming novel, "Richard Raynal, Solitary," is, we understand, concerned with Henry VI. and a religious recluse, who was neither "monk, friar, nor clerk." It is to be published immediately by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., who are the publishers of all Father Benson's books.

### A Splendid Trafalgar Etching

An echo of the Trafalgar Celebrations reaches us in the news that Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., has done, especially for the Art Union of London, a magnificent etching, entitled "Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805," to commemorate last year's centenary. The moment that the artist has chosen to depict is about half-past two in the afternoon, and the *Victory* is seen just casting off from the *Redoubtable*, after the duel in which Nelson received his death wound. A descriptive note of the plate, written by Mr. Wyllie, will be issued with each impression. The first prize at the Art Union's Drawing in April next will be the right to select a work of art from the Royal Academy or one of the other public exhibitions to the value of one hundred guineas.

### Our Sporting Supplement

With this issue is presented a Sporting Supplement, entitled, "A Fair Mark," from an original drawing by F. Stewart.

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